Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 2, 1961 / 25¢

AMERICA TOMORROW

SCIENCE UNDERTAKES A HISTORIC INQUIRY INTO THE RESOURCES OF GREATNESS

By John Lear

SR / RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

THE GLORIOUS AND THE TERRIBLE

★ ★ ★ ★ By Allan Nevins ★ ★ ★ ★

SR's SURVEY OF CENTENN

SR127858 94-362
MRS INEZ HARLOW
RFD 3
PUTNEY VT

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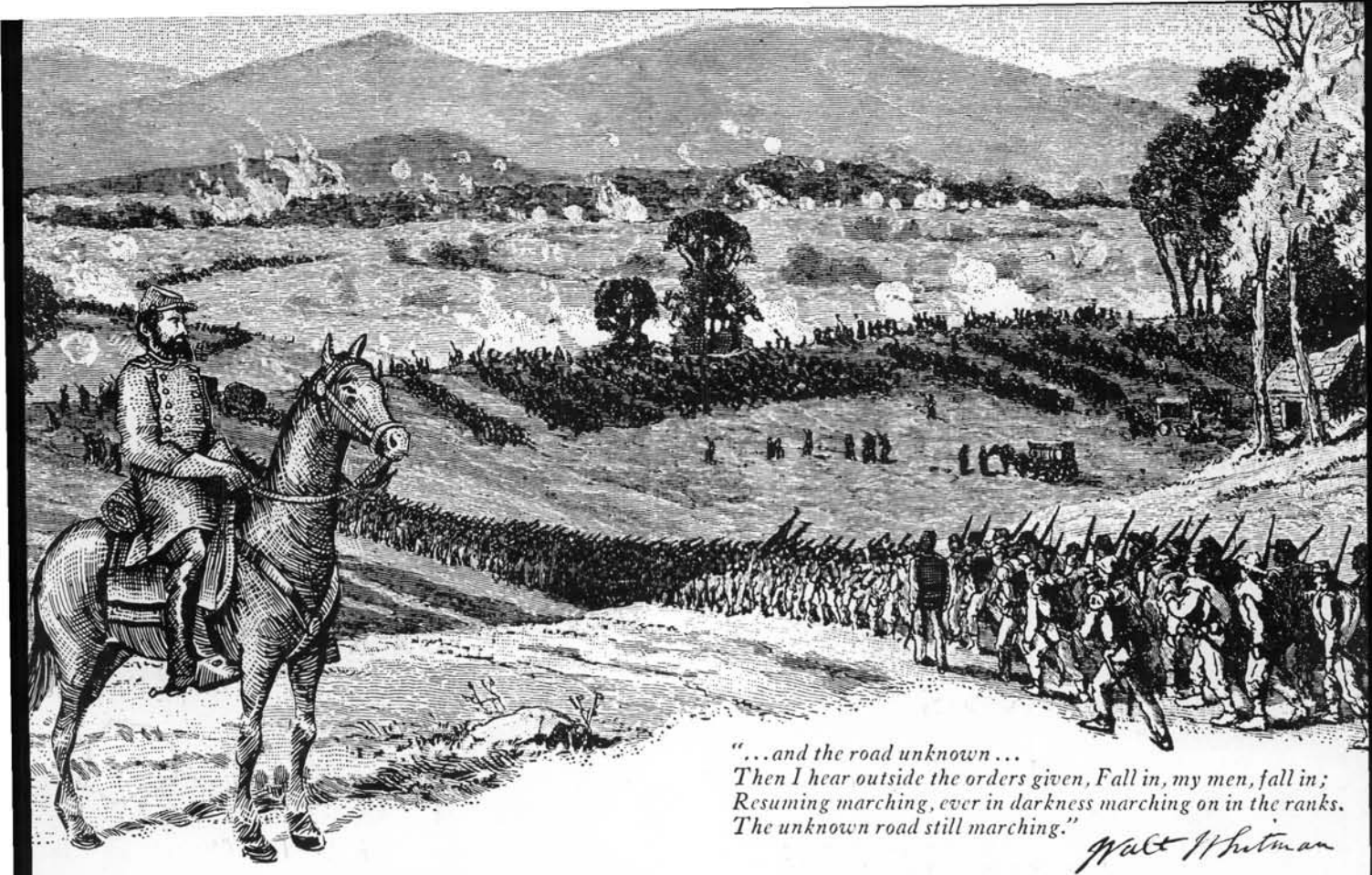

"...and the road unknown...
Then I hear outside the orders given, Fall in, my men, fall in;
Resuming marching, ever in darkness marching on in the ranks.
The unknown road still marching."

Walt Whitman

"DRUM TAPS"

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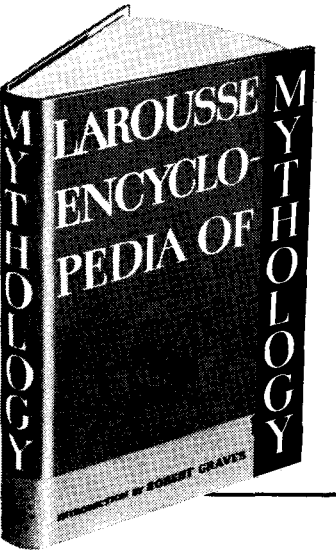

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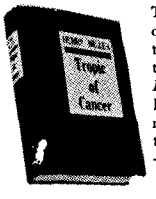

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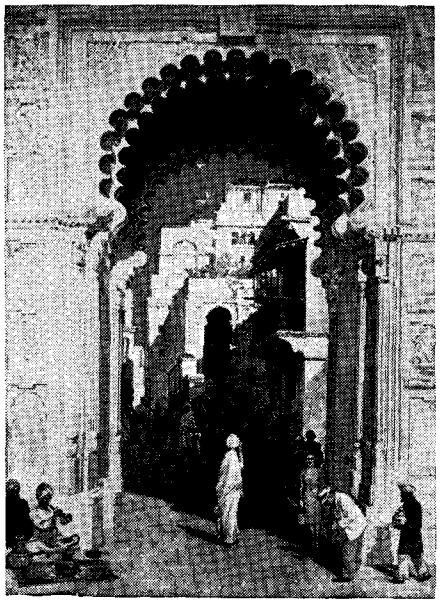

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

AS THE summer neared its end, the world seemed as if it might well be about to do likewise. Indeed, everywhere in evidence was a sort of grotesquely universal September Song. Somehow, we got to thinking of a possible cartoon. It would show, after the bombs, terrible devastation all around, except for one family, including father and son. The son would look at his father. "Daddy," he would say, "what did *you* do in the last peace?"

• • •

In any case, a lot of people did seem to want to do something. Even among the most popular (and successful) people in the most popular of all fields—television—there was a trend. Steve Allen began it all with his magnificent courage in the face of the California smear groups in his work for peace. Then came Ed Murrow, first telling CBS what he thought of them and then throwing in his lot with the USIA. And, finally, underneath all the reasons for Garroway's leaving the "Today" show, was, as Dave has admitted, his desire to Do Something About It.

• • •

The big question of the month was: Whatever happened to the mass mind? Most of the communications media appealing to the multitudes were in varying degrees of trouble.

On the other hand, the specialty magazines, those shooting for some particular public—from *American Heritage* to *Yachting*—were doing fine, and so, too, were quality paperback books. Broadway was having labor pains; on the other hand, Off-Broadway was booming, and the first of three new specialty theatre magazines, *Show Business Illustrated,* was off to a loud start. Hollywood was crying, but people turned out in droves for the quality movies, from "La Dolce Vita" to "Never on Sunday." Was some shift afoot in American culture?

A friend of ours, the distinguished cartographer Richard Harrison, recently married off a daughter who went to live in Iowa. Five weeks after the event, there arrived at his house a complimentary carton tastefully labeled "Bridal Pax." It contained one container each of standard-size (not samples) Prell, Joy, Cheer, and Comet, and all manner of cleaning agents from shampoos to sink cleansers, a box of Bufferin, a bottle of Zonite, and a can of chicken gravy. With it all was a printed note suggesting that thanks be sent to the department store and manufacturer who made this "Bridal Pax" possible.

• • •

Madison Avenue was also in evidence in the last paragraph of a brochure, "Pointers for Panelists," which the Messrs. Goodson and Todman distribute to all prospective players of their TV game "To Tell the Truth." The paragraph reads:

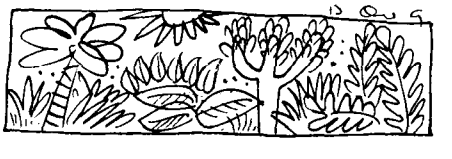
> The panel meets in the "green room" and spends the time conversing and making small talk which we find leads to a pleasant, relaxed attitude on the show. For this reason, please do not bring agents, wives, husbands, friends, etc.

• • •

Elsewhere on the television front, we liked best a story of what happened during the changeover from Garroway to John Chancellor on "Today." Retiring producer Fred Freed (replaced by "Shad" Northshield) wrote a memorandum as follows:

> In the future, since we are members of the news department, we are likely to find ourselves more and more writing for newsmen.
>
> Their style tends to be simple and direct. In addition, they are used to writing their own copy. Most of them have their own favorite adjectives.
>
> Your copy for them should, therefore, be simple and direct. Your lead should have news peg. You should avoid cuteness and over-vivid style. If adjectives are needed, they will usually supply them.

The memorandum was too much for writer Al Smith. Ever since, even in his everyday greetings to people, he has never been guilty of a single adjective. "Morning," he says, "Afternoon," and "Night."



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FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

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TRADE Winds

THE OFFICIAL BULLETIN of England's Guild of Film Critics cracked: "Blessed are the censors for they shall inhibit the earth."

GOLD-LEAF LETTERING on the door of a West Fortieth Street restaurant reads: "Ripley's No Tipping Restaurant." Robert I. Miller tells me a hand-lettered sign hangs there now: "Closed Due to Labor Trouble."

AMONG THE COMICAL chapters in H. Allen Smith's "How to Write Without Knowing Nothing" (Little, Brown) is the one dealing with creative folks who jot down notes in the night with the bedside pad and pencil. Smith points out that the brilliant ideas that come in the night always look ridiculous or nonsensical the next day.

He gives examples, one of which concerns the corporation vice president who had to attend brainstorming sessions once a week at the office. One night, in a period of sleeplessness, he arrived at an idea which he believed would be of enormous benefit to his company. He wrote it down. The next day, he couldn't make any sense out of it, but he knew it had some application to his business so he read his nocturnal notes at the next brainstorming session: "Is there any significance to the fact that my little fingers just fit my nostrils or is it mere coincidence?"

According to Smith, a few wise looks appeared on faces around the table, but no one offered to develop the thing any further. Later, however, the president of the company called the man aside and said:

"That idea of yours—about the little fingers fitting the nostrils—I think perhaps you've got hold of something there."

ANOTHER CASE of night scribbling is that of the admiral during the war who had a recurring dream in which he was shown the way to end the conflict swiftly and happily. During his sleep the admiral could see it all quite clearly, but when morning came he'd be unable to remember it. Finally he decided he would force himself to write it down in the night. He did so. The next day he hurried to read what he had written so he could get on with the job of ending the war. The master solution was stated in seven words: "The skin is mightier than the banana."

ONE OF THE NICEST places of its kind is the Borrowdale Bookshop in Edgartown, Massachusetts. That's on the island of Martha's Vineyard. Proprietor: Gerald Chittenden, who was English professor at St. Paul's School until his retirement.

"This is the smallest bookshop in the world," declares the forthright pamphlet and statement of purpose of the Borrowdale Bookshop. "All books desiring to matriculate here must pass a rigid examination. If they do not come up to our standard, they are fired and returned to the publisher, or else consigned to our remainder shelves."

There's no nonsense at the smallest bookshop. "Most novels have very short lives, and many of them ought never to have been born. . . . We suggest you buy only novels that you are likely to read twice, and borrow or steal the others," say the Chittendens.

They apply their rigid standards to all categories: fiction, nonfiction, children's books ("Unless we ourselves enjoy them, we don't buy them"), paperbacks ("More power to them, but they are a problem to booksellers with small volume"), and poetry ("If we understand it, we buy it, but we can't find much that pleases us").

That explains why it's the smallest bookshop in the world. Perhaps it is the best.

THE DEDICATIONS of Oliver Herford's books were always clever and sometimes touching. Probably the funniest was in "This Giddy Globe." It seems that Woodrow Wilson used to quote Oliver in his speeches, but Oliver didn't like this because he was not an admirer of Wilson. The dedication ran: "To President Wilson: With all his faults he quotes me still."

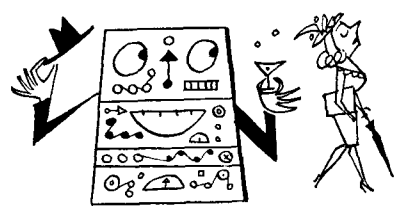
IN HOUSTON, TEXAS, not long ago station KHOU-TV was surprised to find that it had shown the last half of the late motion picture before the first half. Though the studio was ready to sign off the air, a number of callers said now they wanted to see the first half. It was then shown.

The station got ready to sign off when the first half of the film was over, but again they heard from viewers. They were the ones who had tuned in late and had seen the first half of the movie but not the earlier second half. They wanted to see how it came out.

The second half of the film was shown a second time and KHOU-TV finally went off the air.

SOMEBODY NAMED Hilbert Schenck, Jr., wrote the following in "Comedy and Comment":

I think that I shall never see
A calculator made like me.
A me that likes martinis dry
And on the rocks, a little rye.
A me that looks at girls and such,
But mostly girls and very much.
A me that wears an overcoat
And likes a risky anecdote.
A me that taps a foot and grins
Whenever Dixieland begins.
They make computers for a fee,
But only moms can make a me.



SHARPS AND FLATS: Opening his fortune cookie in a Chinese restaurant, Gurney Williams read this message: "Disregard Previous Cookie."

►We have finally figured out who won the Civil War. It's Bruce Catton.

►Definitions: A fellow who is trying vainly to outdo Shakespeare: an iambic pentamateur. New name for a singing stripteaser: a skin diva.

►And speaking of Shakespeare, a fellow tells me the reason his plays were so good is that he saw the world from a bard's-eye view.

—Jerome M. Beatty.

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Waltari:

SECRET OF THE KINGDOM

I bore no grudge for the fraud that had been practiced on me. I resolved to make the best of everything and enjoy the voyage, so that later I might have an amusing story to tell—with appropriate exaggerations — of the hardships and troubles I had endured.

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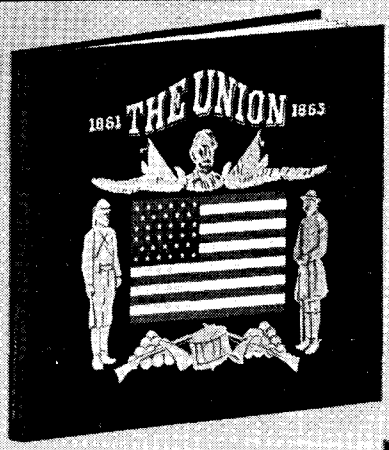
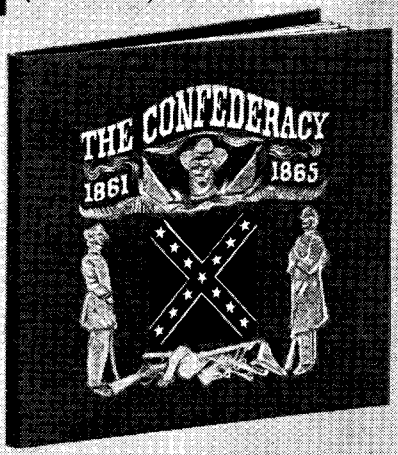


THE UNION

National Gallery Orchestra, Richard Bales, conductor; Cantata Choir, Lutheran Church of the Reformation; Peggy Zabawa (soprano), Jule Zabawa (baritone) and Raymond Massey (narrator). DL 244

THE CONFEDERACY

National Gallery Orchestra, Richard Bales, conductor; Cantata Choir, Lutheran Church of the Reformation; Florence Kopleff (mezzo-soprano), Thomas Pyle (baritone) and Rev. Edmund Jennings Lee (narrator). DL 220



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Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 2, 1961

THE GLORIOUS AND THE TERRIBLE

By ALLAN NEVINS, *Pulitzer Prize historian and the author of the two-volume "The War for the Union," among other works. A former professor of American history at Columbia University, he is now on the staff of the Huntington Library in San Marino, California.*

EVERY great war has two sides, the glorious and the terrible. The glorious is perpetuated in multitudinous pictures, poems, novels, statues: in Meissonier's canvases of Friedland and Austerlitz, Byron's stanzas on Waterloo and Tennyson's on the Light and Heavy brigades, St. Gaudens's Sherman riding forward victory-crowned, Freeman's "Lee." The terrible is given us in a much slighter body of memorabilia: Jacques Callot's gruesome etchings of the Thirty Years War, Goya's paintings of French atrocities in Spain, Zola's "The Debacle," Walt Whitman's hospital sketches, and the thousand-page novels that drearily emerged from the Second World War.

The two aspects do exist side by side. Every student of war comes upon hundreds of veracious descriptions of its pomp and pageantry, innumerable tales of devotion and heroism. They exalt the spirit. Yet every such student falls back from this exaltation upon a sombre remembrance of the butchery, the bereavement, and the long bequest of poverty, exhaustion, and despair. In observing the centenary of the Civil War, every sensible man should keep in mind that the conflict was a terrible reproach to American civilization and a source of poison and debilities still to be felt.

If it were not true that its debits far outweighed its credits, we might conclude that the republic would profit by a civil war in every generation, and that we should have commemorated Bull Run last July by again setting Yankee boys and Southern boys to killing each other. The mind recoils from the thought. But as the Civil War histories, novels, and motion pictures continue to pour forth, we shall be fortunate if we escape two very erroneous views.

The first view is that the war can somehow be detached from its context and studied as if it stood alone, without reference to causes or effects. War in fact, as Clausewitz long ago insisted, does not stand apart from and opposed to peace. It is simply a transfer of the normal inescapable conflicts of men from the realm of adjustment to that of violence. It represents not a complete transformation of national policy, but a continuance of policy by sanguinary means. That is, it cannot be understood without regarding both its causes and its results. Our Civil War, as Walt Whitman insisted, grew peculiarly out of national character. The other erroneous view is that the Civil War was, in the phrase of that graphic military historian Bruce Catton, a "Glory Road."

"Consider it not so deeply," Lady Macbeth says to her husband, stricken by the thought of red-handed murder; and "Consider it not so deeply," people instinctively say to those who remind them of war's inhuman massacre. Who wishes to while away an idle hour by looking at the harrowing pictures in the "Medical and Surgical History" of the war? It is a trick of human memories to forget, little by little, what is painful, and remember what is pleasant, and that tendency appertains to the folk memory as well. One of the finest descriptive pieces of the war was written by the true-hearted Theodore Winthrop, novelist and poet, just after his regiment crossed the Potomac on a spring night in 1861 to encamp on the Virginia side. It is rapturous in its depiction of the golden moon lighting a path over the river, the merry files of soldiers, the white tents being pitched in the dewy dawn. But ere long Winthrop was slain at Big Bethel in an engagement too blundering, shabby, and piteous for any pen. We remember the happy march but forget the death.

OR take two contrasting scenes later in the war, of the same day—the day of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862. That battle of Lee and McClellan reached its climax in the gathering dusk of a lustrous summer evening, no breath of wind stirring the air. The Union army had placed its ranks and its artillery on the slope of a great hill, a natural amphitheatre, which the Southerners assaulted. Participants never forgot the magnificence of the spectacle. From the Confederate and Union guns stately columns of black smoke towered high in the blue sky. The crash of musketry and deeper thud of artillery; the thunder of gunboat mortars from the James River, their shells curving in fiery golden lines; the cavalry on either flank, galloping to attack; the foaming horses flying from point to point with aides carrying dispatches; the steady advance of the Confederate columns and the unyielding resistance of the dense Union lines; then as darkness gathered, the varicolored signal lights flashing back and forth their messages—all this made an unforgettable panorama.

But the sequel! The troops on both sides sank exhausted on their arms. From the field the shrieking and moan-

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ing of the wounded were heart-rending, yet nothing could be done to succor them. The sky grew overcast; intense darkness shut down; and at dawn came a fierce downpour. "Such rain, and such howling set up by the wounded," wrote one Southern soldier; "such ugly wounds, sickening to the sight even of the most hardened as the rain beat upon them, washing them to a pale purple; such long-fingered corpses, and in piles, too, like cordwood—may I never see the like again!"

BOTH novelist and poet almost instinctively turn to the heroic aspects and picturesque incidents of war. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," one of the half-dozen finest pieces of literature born from the conflict, necessarily eulogizes the heroes; Mary Johnston's "The Long Roll," perhaps the best Southern war novel, celebrates the ardors, not the anguishes, of Stonewall Jackson's foot-cavalry; St. Gaudens's monument on Boston Common to Robert Gould Shaw and his black infantry —the men whose dauntless hearts beat a charge right up the red rampart's slippery swell—shows the fighters, not the fallen. The historian assists in falsifying the picture. Cold, objective, he assumes that both the glorious and horrible sides exist, and need no special emphasis. He thus tends to equate the two, although the pains and penalties of war far outweigh its gleams of grandeur.

Then, too, a problem of expression impedes the realistic writer. It is not difficult to describe the pageantry of Pickett's charge. But when we come to the costs, what can we say except that the casualties were 3,000 killed, 5,000 wounded? It is impossible to describe the agony of even one soldier dying of a gangrened wound, or the heartache of one mother losing her first born; what of 10,000 such soldiers and mothers? Moreover, most historians, like the novelists and poets, have an instinctive preference for the bright side of the coin. Henry Steele Commager's otherwise fine introduction to his valuable compilation "The Blue and The Gray" has much to say about gallantry and bravery, but nothing about the squalor, the stench, and the agony.

If we protest against the prettification of the Civil War, the thoughtless glorification of what was essentially a temporary breakdown of American civilization, we must do so with an acknowledgement that it did call forth many manifestations of an admirable spirit. The pomp and circumstance, the parade and pageantry, we may dismiss as essentially empty. The valor of the host of young men who streamed to the colors we may deeply admire, but as valor we may fortunately take it for granted, for most men are brave. The patriotic ardor displayed in the first months of the war may also be taken for granted. What was highly impressive was the serious, sustained conviction, the long-enduring dedication, of countless thousands on both sides for their chosen cause. This went far beyond the transient enthusiasms of Sumter and Bull Run; far beyond ordinary battlefield courage. Lecky was correct in writing: "That which invests war with a certain grandeur is the heroic self-sacrifice which it elicits." All life is in a real sense a conflict between good and evil, in which every man or woman plays a part. A host of young Americans felt that they were enlisted in this larger struggle, and regarded their service to the North or South as part of a lifetime service to the right.

Those who seek examples of this dedication can find them scattered throughout the war records. Lincoln specially admired his young friend Elmer Ellsworth, who had endured poverty and hardship with monastic devotion to train himself for service; Lee specially admired John Pelham, the daring artillerist. Both gave their lives. Some fine illustrations of the consecrated spirit can be found in the two volumes of the "Harvard Memorial Biographies" edited by Thomas Wentworth Higginson just after the war. The ninety-eight Harvard dead were no better than the farm lads from Iowa or Alabama, the clerks from New Orleans or New York, but some of them had special gifts of self-expression. Hearken, for example, to Colonel Peter A. Porter, who wrote in his last will and testament:

> I can say, with truth, that I have entered on the course of danger with no ambitious aspirations, nor with the idea that I am fitted, by nature, or experience, to be of any important service to the government; but in obedience to the call of duty, demanding every citizen to contribute what he could, in means, labor, or life, to sustain the government of his country—a sacrifice made the more willingly by me when I consider how singularly benefitted I have been, by the institutions of the land. . . .

As we distinguish between the shining glory of the war—this readiness of countless thousands to die for an enduring moral conviction—and the false or unimportant glories, so we must distinguish between the major and the lesser debits of the conflict. Some evils and mischiefs which seemed tremendous at the time have grown less in the perspective of years; some which at first appeared small now loom large.

It was one of the bloodiest of all wars; the total deaths in the Union and Confederate armies have been computed at about 620,000; and one of the facts which appalls any careful student is the enormous amount of suffering on the field and in the hospitals. The evidence of this, while not within the view of general readers, is incontrovertible. Armies the world over in 1860 were *worse* provided with medical and surgical facilities than in Napoleon's day. The United States, after its long peace, began the war with practically no medical service whatever. Surgical application of the ideas of Pasteur and Lister lay in the future. Almost every abdominal wound meant death. Any severe laceration of a limb entailed amputation, with a good chance of mortal gangrene or erysipelas. The North systematically prevented shipments of drugs and surgical instruments to the South, a measure which did not shorten the conflict by a day, but cost the Southern troops untold agony. Had it not been for the Sanitary Commission, a body privately organized and supported, Northern armies would have duplicated the experience of British forces in the Crimea; yet Secretary of War Stanton at first deliberately impeded the Commission's work.

THE story of battle after battle was the same. Night descended on a field ringing with cries of agony: Water! Water! Help!—if in winter, Blankets! Cover! All too frequently no help whatever was forthcoming. After some great conflicts the wounded lay for days, and sometimes a week, without rescue. Shiloh was fought on a Sunday and Monday. Rain set in on Sunday night, and the cold April drizzle continued through Tuesday night. On Tuesday morning nine-tenths of the wounded still lay where they fell; many had been there forty-eight hours without attention; numbers had died of shock or exhaustion; some had even drowned as the rain filled depressions from which they could not crawl. Every house in the area was converted into a hospital, where the floors were covered with wretches heavily wounded, sometimes with arms or legs torn off, who after the first bandages, got no nursing, medical care, or even nourishment. "The first day or two," wrote a newspaper reporter, "the air was filled with groans, sobs, and frenzied curses, but now the sufferers are quiet; not from cessation of pain, but mere exhaustion." Yet at this time the war was a year old.

Still more poignant versions of the same story might be given. Lee and Pope fought Second Manassas on the

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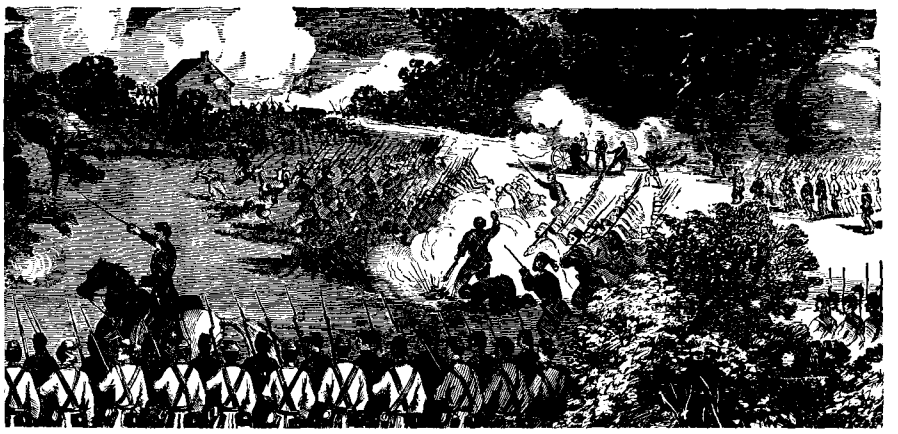
last Friday and Saturday in August, 1862, so near Washington that groups standing on housetops in the capital heard the rumble of artillery. The battleground, five miles long and three wide, was thickly strewn with dead and wounded. Pope retreated in confusion; many in Washington feared the city might be taken. In these circumstances, as late as the following Wednesday one member of the inadequate body of surgeons estimated that 2,000 wounded had received no attention. Many had not tasted food for four days; some were dying of hunger and thirst. A reporter for the Washington *Republican* wrote on Thursday that some dying men could yet be saved by prompt help. And on Friday, a week after the battle began, a correspondent of the New York *Tribune* told of heart-rending scenes as the doctors searched among heaps of putrefying dead men for men yet clinging to life—men who, when anyone approached, would cry, "Doctor, come to *me;* you look like a kind man; for God's sake come to *me.*"

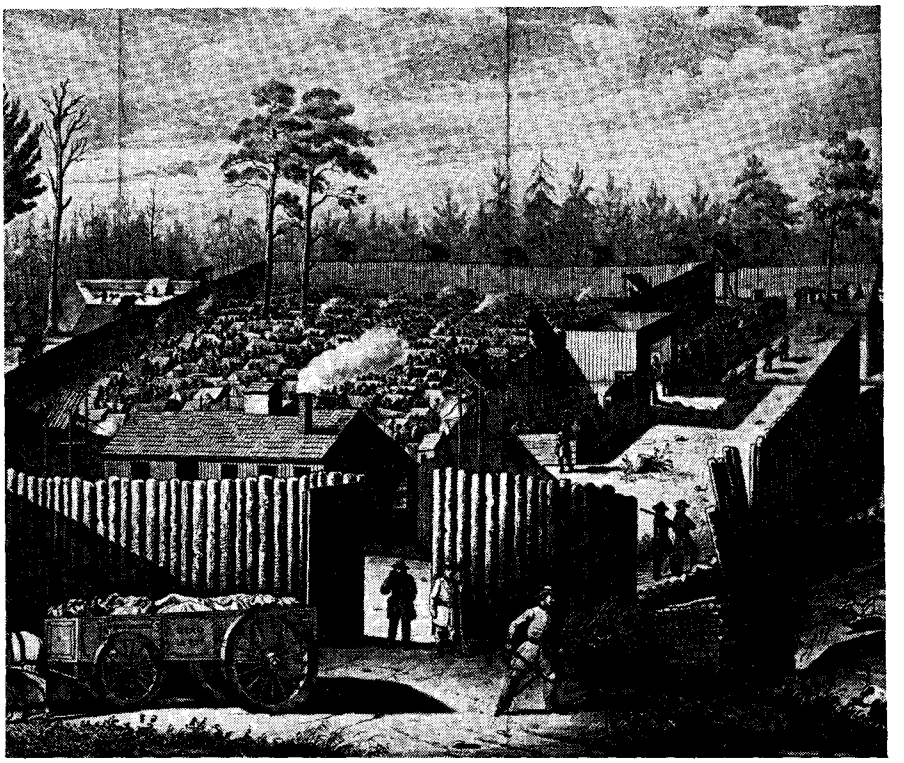
ANYONE who is tempted to think of Gettysburg only in terms of its heroic episodes, its color and drama, should turn to the pages in "Battles and Leaders" in which General John D. Imboden describes the transport of the Confederate wounded, after their defeat, back into Maryland. He was ordered to ride to the head of the long wagon column as, in darkness and storm, it moved south:

> For four hours I hurried forward on my way to the front, and in all that time I was never out of hearing of the groans and cries of the wounded and dying. Scarcely one in a hundred had received adequate surgical aid, owing to the demands on the hard-working surgeons from still worse cases that had to be left behind. Many of the wounded in their wagons had been without food for thirty-six hours. Their torn and bloody clothing, matted and hardened, was rasping the tender, inflamed, and still oozing wounds. Very few of the wagons had even a layer of straw in them, and all were without springs. The road was rough and rocky from the heavy washings of the preceding day. The jolting was enough to have killed strong men, if long exposed to it. From nearly every wagon as the teams trotted on, urged by whip and shout, came such cries and shrieks as these:
>
> "My God! Why can't I die?"
>
> "My God! Will no one have mercy and kill me?"
>
> "Stop! Oh, for God's sake stop just for one minute; take me out and leave me to die on the roadside."
>
> Occasionally a wagon would be

(*Continued on page* 46)



In the mountains of western Virginia, Federal forces under George B. McClellan and William Starke Rosecrans were carrying on a campaign.



During the summer of 1864 the number of prisoners confined in the stockade at Andersonville, Georgia (above), was 32,899.

—Illustrations from "The American Civil War," by Earl Schenck Miers **(Golden Press).**

Columns of smoke rise from within Atlanta as Sherman starts his famous march to fame and infamy.

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The Writer as Hero

By Granville Hicks

IN THE essay he wrote on the occasion of Van Wyck Brooks's seventy-fifth birthday (*SR*, Feb. 18) Malcolm Cowley spoke of Brooks's extraordinary consistency. Through more than fifty years, as Cowley pointed out, Brooks has set forth a high, prophetic conception of the role of the man of letters. If his devotion to his ideal has sometimes led him to make mistakes of judgment, he has been a powerful force on what one must believe to be the right side. Convinced that a writer should be a true hero, he has condemned slovenliness, commercialism, and triviality. In recent years he has ceased to be a strong influence on the younger writers, but his presence has nevertheless been felt, and I have no doubt that the future will regard Brooks as one of the major figures of this era.

"From the Shadow of the Mountain" (*Dutton, $4.50*) is the third and final volume of Brooks's autobiography, a sequel to "Scenes and Portraits" and "Days of the Phoenix." It begins in 1931, when Brooks, after spending four years in mental hospitals, emerged "from the shadow of the mountain," and it comes down to the present. Like its predecessors, it is not a notably intimate memoir, nor does it make any effort to be comprehensive. Brooks moves about freely in the thirty-year period, talking about his work, describing people he knew and places he visited, and voicing his opinions on literary matters.

It is a pleasant book to read, if only because of the portraits Brooks gives of his friends. He has sketches of Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Thomas Sergeant Perry, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Maxwell Perkins, Edward Sheldon, Helen Keller, Jo Davidson, Bernard Berenson, Edmund Wilson, and many others. He writes about them all in a friendly fashion, managing to be revealing without being indiscreet.

So far as Brooks himself is concerned, the emphasis falls on the writing of the five volumes collectively entitled "Makers and Finders," the work that is his masterpiece. "Reading for this, and writing it," he says, "I had spent a ten- or twelve-hour day, virtually every day for nineteen years. I had read about 5,000 books in connection with it."

His aim was to reveal to people, and especially to authors, the usable past. He was acutely conscious of the number of gifted writers who had been forgotten, and he wanted the young to know what a rich tradition lay behind them.

"Certainly," Brooks writes, "the lack of a tradition was not responsible for all our ills, but did it not partly explain the abortive careers of so many of our writers, and I daresay also of many of our artists?"

Van Wyck Brooks

"Makers and Finders," as Cowley observed, is not strictly speaking a history of literature, nor is it in the ordinary sense a work of criticism; it is an effort, remarkably successful, to evoke the literary past. "It is the minor books or writers that body forth a culture," Brooks notes, "creating the living chain that we call tradition." "Makers and Finders" discusses the major writers, too, and discusses them well, but its thorough, sympathetic examination of minor writers makes the work unique. It gives a sense, as no other work does, of what the literary life in America has been.

As Brooks is aware, the ironic fact is that, while he was engaged in this massive effort to make the literary past available to young writers, a new generation was turning away from him and, he felt, from everything he believed in. The influential authors were Eliot, Pound, Yeats, and Lawrence, all of whom he deplored. Brooks was not one to accept defeat, and in such books as "Opinions of Oliver Allston" and "The Writer in America" he fought back. He is still fighting the battle in this volume. Eliot and the others, he believes, are trying to destroy the great American tradition of liberal, humanistic democracy. He grants their talents, but to him these talents are serving an evil cause. That younger men and women have perversely followed them seems to him a tragedy.

From my point of view, Brooks is partly right. That is, Eliot, Pound, Joyce, and Lawrence have all expressed ideas that I do not accept and that I should be sorry to have widely held. But that is true of many other writers I admire—Dostoevsky, for instance. The great writer sees the world his way, and his greatness lies in his ability to share his vision with others. He may draw conclusions that we quarrel with, but we can nevertheless be moved and instructed by what he shows us.

This is elementary, but Brooks remains obdurate. Never, so far as I can make out, has he tried to put himself inside these writers, to see the world as they see it. If he did, he would still quarrel with their ideas, and that would be fine, but he would know how much more than ideas they have to offer.

There is in this book a passage that shows how narrowing the preoccupation with ideas can become. Brooks writes:

> No one doubts Hemingway's calibre, and few can have failed to enjoy his books; but how can one like his point of view of the typical American super-male, the redblooded he-man who despises "sissyness"? Hemingway has taken his point of view from the bar and the ringside and he has raised it to the level of literature. It is for just this that his cult-followers admire him, and it is just this that worries me. As long as this point of view prevailed on the ringside alone, it did no harm to the things I care for. But when it received the sanction of art it went far to destroy the values on which art itself is based. For what does "sissyness" comprise if not the traits of the sensitive man that art has hitherto cherished and nourished?

How far this is from doing justice to Hemingway! To be sure, he did often adopt the he-man pose, but underneath this any careful reader could detect all manner of doubts and fears. Whatever he might try to appear, he was an uncommonly complicated man—and an uncommonly sensitive one. To speak up in defense of "sissyness," as Van Wyck Brooks does, is admirable, but his concern with this point seems to blind him to so much that Hemingway was and did.

On the other hand, let us not permit Brooks's failings to blind us to *his* achievement. He says rather wistfully that he believes "Makers and Finders" will "come back." Of course it will! It is one of the finest literary works of this era, completely unique and tremendously valuable. Nor is Brooks's career as a whole going to be forgotten—his more than fifty years of consecrated labor, of high idealism, of courage and hopefulness. He has been, as he believed a writer should be, a hero of his times.

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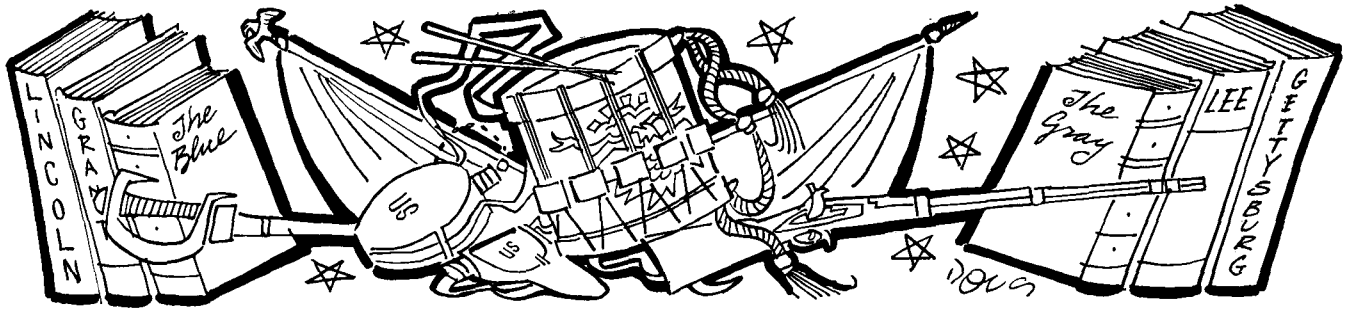
The Civil War: Dimensions and Issues



By RICHARD L. TOBIN

ABSOLUTE in character, the Civil War was our first total war. There could be no compromise because from the outset the war was fought on fundamental issues: preservation of the Union and abolition of slavery. Lincoln wrote Horace Greeley that he would save the fragile Union even if it meant condoning slavery, but when a true Northern victory at Antietam gave him the opportunity, Lincoln issued a proclamation emancipating all slaves on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line and putting the war on a truly moral footing. Thenceforth any European nation siding with the Confederacy *ipso facto* condoned the right of one human being to own another in bondage, and the South had no foreign friends. The conflict was, therefore, absolute and total and could not have ended except in the unconditional defeat of one side.

Though this is an elemental truth about the great event of American history, our expectations have not been matched by a felicitous performance in Centennial books. Half a dozen outstanding Civil War books tackle the basic issues; but only Robert Penn Warren's "The Legacy of the Civil War" (*SR*, July 8, 1961) meets them squarely, perhaps because Professor Warren, a Southerner and a scholar, sees the wider canvas. Also, of course, he can write better history than almost any other American because he can write better English than almost any other American. The Warren book is, then, the outstanding achievement in the Centennial field so far, and only "The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War," with Bruce Catton doing the narrative (*SR*, Dec. 31, 1960), approaches it in imaginative treatment, perceptive care, and facility of language, though we have four Centennial years to go. Catton himself is about to publish the first book in a new multivolume history.

In spite of what Catton calls the "strawberry festival atmosphere" of the first Centennial year, understandable in a seller of Confederate flags and hats and balloons at an ersatz Manassas, we had a right to expect more of our book writers, I think, than their first performance record shows. After all, almost one-tenth of the trade books published this year involved American history. This tithing should have brought forth a greater philosophical and literary harvest. That it did not has seemed a pity to those of us who have had to wade through volume after volume of dreary resurrected memoirs of foot soldiers who could neither feel nor write, of sectional esoterica published mainly by the state university presses, of rehashed (very often just reprinted) versions of the war's chronicle in capsule, of huge biographical volumes on the duller (therefore neglected) heroes and villains, of burgeoning academics so loaded with footnotes and asides that the reader could scarcely stay awake; and at last the few really worth-while pieces. What were they?

Besides the Warren and the Catton (and Richard M. Ketchum must get credit for a superb editing job for American Heritage's fabulous picture book), a most persuasive work by a foreigner —Alan Barker—was published this year, "The Civil War in America" (see page 14). As with James Bryce, the view from across the water by an intelligent man has here given us a perspective we ourselves simply cannot have. I also found extremely readable Richard B. Harwell's "The War They Fought" (*SR*, April 1, 1961), an exciting and stimulating anthology, and thorough, too—a rare combination. "The Autobiography of Carl Schurz," with the Allan Nevins introduction (*SR*, April 1, 1961), gave us yet another foreign viewpoint though Schurz himself stayed on here to become one of America's great citizens. Another durable biography is "Education in Violence: The Life of George H. Thomas and the History of the Army of the Cumberland," by Francis F. McKinney (see page 14).

Books involving specific battles were more prolific and, on the whole, more absorbing reading. "The Night the War Was Lost," by Charles L. Dufour (*SR*, April 1, 1961), told the amazing story of Admiral Farragut's conquest of the lower Mississippi and New Orleans by water. If there was a more dramatic or heroic moment at sea (except perhaps the battle between *Monitor* and *Merrimac*), it didn't appear in print in the first months of Centennial publishing. Another fascinating look at a single locale was "Inferno at Petersburg" (*SR*, April 1, 1961), in which Harry Pleasants, Jr., tells the incredible story of the tunneling under an entire Confederate front line, a volcanic explosion which could very well have meant the end of Richmond then and there, had not the usual Union fumbling turned it into a noxious blood bath for Northern troops. But perhaps the best of the single-scene volumes so far has been "Chickamauga: Bloody Battle in the West," by Glenn Tucker, whose writing style approaches Catton's and who simply cannot be faulted on his facts (*SR*, July 8, 1961).

A highly controversial book was Otto

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Eisenschiml's "The Hidden Face of the Civil War" (*SR*, April 1, 1961), in which the author attempted, not always with success, to reverse many of the popular myths about Northern heroes and Southern chivalry. Yet while he did not make his case at every turn of the road, Eisenschiml's book was at least different from any other, therefore worthy.

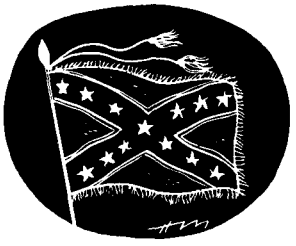
Several recordings of Civil War events, music, declamations, and other auditory mementos have decorated the Centennial, but so far the best of these has been "Songs of the Civil War" (*SR*, June 10, 1961), done as near the original music as possible, even as to instruments and less-than-professional rendering, which makes for some authentic and rewarding listening in a recording-book package.

Following are capsule reviews of Centennial releases not previously covered in *SR*.

THOMAS THE ROCK: Of all the leaders of our Civil War, military or political, slave or free state, none has been as consistently overlooked or underestimated as George Henry Thomas, the major general who may well have been the finest military talent in the Union Army and quite possibly was the equal of Stonewall Jackson as a field commander. It is curious how Thomas is still bypassed; a century afterward, Virginia repudiates him because, though born there, he fought for his country instead. General Thomas was no less a patriot because of his Southern birth than Winfield Scott or David Farragut, whose loyalties are never questioned. Northern schoolchildren hero-worship Grant and Sheridan and Sherman and Meade but have never heard of Thomas, a far more effective general than they. No defense in any major battle of the Civil War is more stirring or professionally competent than Thomas's refusal to budge at Chickamauga when all about him caved like sand forts before a wave. Yet Grant continually belittled Thomas. The history books written in the years immediately after the great intramural war gave Thomas scant praise while genuflecting to his popular commander.

If for no other reasons, then, Francis F. McKinney's new, awkwardly titled **"Education in Violence: The Life of George H. Thomas and the History of the Army of the Cumberland"** (Wayne State University Press, $9.50) possesses unique value because it says better than any book I have seen what desperately needed to be said about the true Thomas, a man with a gift for leadership but, unfortunately for himself, equal gifts for self-effacement and quiet perfection. The fascinating story of the Army of the Cumberland is also told here in great detail, the battles for Chattanooga and Chickamauga, for Nashville and Knoxville and Atlanta, the unbelievable yet never tiresome assault up the steep slopes of Missionary Ridge, where the Army of the Cumberland was supposed only to overrun a few rifle pits but kept going up and up the bullet-swept hillside without orders from anyone, empowered only by its faith in and meticulous training at the hands of George Thomas. Grant grumpily sent a routine report of the magnificent hill conquest back to Washington but most observers there, and afterward, called the successful mounting of Missionary Ridge by fifty-three separate regimental flags and 18,000 men in the face of sheeted Rebel fire at point-blank range the most brilliant and miraculous assault in our history.

Thomas usually found the troops assigned to him an unorganized volunteer mob but they did not long remain so. If they lacked supplies, Thomas got them supplies and taught them how to conserve. If no money was at hand to



supply equipment, transport, food, or shelter, Thomas could bring two-and-a-half months of faulty paper work up to date in a week to provide the funds. If he had only one trained officer, Thomas and that officer trained four others, who in turn trained eight. If his commanding general fled in panic, as did Rosecrans at Chickamauga, Thomas the gentleman pretended not to notice when next they met that only the incredible firmness and heroism of the Rock of Chickamauga had saved the entire Union command in the West, and Rosecrans with it. When it came time in the war's inevitable story for the Battle of Nashville to rise to a climactic boil, the North's luck was that Thomas happened to be in charge and the most decisive and one-sided Union victory came to pass, and with it Hood's frantic retreat across the Tennessee with only a remnant of the magnificent army Johnston had given him.

This appreciative and exhaustive biography of Thomas and his fine army should fill a need which, oddly, had existed until now in spite of one Thomas biography, on an average, every decade since Appomattox. We all owe Mr. McKinney a splendid debt, but the man who owes him most is the immortal and little appreciated Union genius who, hemmed in by appalling ruin, converted a supreme Union disaster into a military miracle because he was uniquely competent and brave.

ENGLISHMAN'S-EYE VIEW: Alan Barker, presently headmaster of the Leys School in England, once taught history at Queens College, Cambridge, and at Eton. While a visiting fellow at Yale a few years back, he began working on **"The Civil War in America"** (Doubleday, $2.95), which is now published here to climax the Centennial of 1861. In a sense, Barker is trying to do for the Civil War what Bryce did for the American commonwealth: show us ourselves as others see us. He goes along with John Morley, who considered the American Civil War to be such a conflict that neither patience nor skill of diplomacy could have avoided it, and that preservation of the American Union on grounds of principle and the abolition of Negro slavery were "two such vast triumphs by which even the inferno of war was justified." Though Europe had felt that the Union would certainly be destroyed and the Confederacy had been so sure that victory was certain, the North under Lincoln gave to the world a decisive answer, and Lincoln confounded the doubters by confirming the continuity of American history. The Civil War became, then, a matter of pride, not one of shame and regret, though the cost in human suffering soared beyond any war of its century. Well-written and sure-footed, the prose in this slight but attractive volume succeeds in the Bryce tradition: it makes us feel that our own Civil War was worth the dreadfully bloody price.

NEW JERSEY AT WAR: "Ride to War" (Rutgers, $6) is the history of the 1st New Jersey Cavalry, which rode from September, 1861, to April, 1865, and covered itself with mud and glory. The volume is mainly the work of the regiment's self-appointed chronicler and chaplain, Henry R. Pyne, a man with some eye for detail, a memory, and a fair gift for language considering the context. Earl Schenck Miers is the editor and footnoter, but the book is pretty dull stuff much of the time, and one can imagine little use or interest in it apart from New Jersey readers. One more, alas, in the endless procession of pedestrian, academic regionals, if one can call a book about cavalry pedestrian, and this one can.

CENTENNIAL SCORECARD: You will have no excuse for not knowing the

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names and numbers of all the players if you own the remarkable, double-book score card **"Personnel of the Civil War"** (Yoseloff, 2 Volumes, $10). Lists of all organizations in the Confederate and Union Armies, their synonyms, local designations, arrangement in the pattern of war, and general officers are here for the true buff's ready reference. Indeed, there is nothing else; yet, after hours of the most detailed and fascinating search for sentimental and familiar names and regimental companies, one reader at least made up his own choices of the most colorful unit designations of 1861-65, and here they are: Pee Dee Wild Cats of North Carolina, Caddo Fencibles of Louisiana, Whippy Swamp Guards of South Carolina, Mrs. Body Guard of Mississippi, Crockett Southrons of Louisiana, Stanly Yankee Hunters of North Carolina, Mounted Tigers of Georgia, Enfants Perdus of New York, Safe Harbor Artillery and Roundheads of Pennsylvania, and Wolf Hunters of Wisconsin. William Amann is compiler of this monumental work, which is said to contain the only complete listing of regiments, companies, and other fighting units of both armies.

FOUR YEARS WITH HOOD: The Fourth Texas regiments marched every step of the 1,500 miles from Austin to Richmond to fight for the Confederacy; four long years later a few were left to tell the tale. One of the survivors of war, fatigue, swamp fever, bad food, incompetent Southern officers, and politicians was a lad named Valerius Cincinnatus Giles, who possessed a mind sufficiently curious to combine adequately with an amateur writing talent for homely detail. Giles's story, **"Rags and Hope"** (Coward-McCann, $5.75), has been edited and gracefully sifted by Mary Lasswell. Grist for anecdotes for future historians, the narrative in entirety tends toward repetitive dullishness, except for Giles's exciting escape from Camp Morton, Indiana, where MacKinlay Kantor should go for a sequel to "Andersonville."

EARLY BENJAMIN HARRISON: University Publishers puts out the first volume of a three-parter on the life of our twenty-third President and calls it **"Benjamin Harrison, Hoosier Warrior"** ($6). Based largely on the private papers of the grandson of William Henry Harrison (the only grandfather-grandson parlay in our Presidency), this book goes up to 1866. Harry J. Sievers has done a remarkably thorough research job, which must be important to U.S. history scholars but is less than engrossing to a Civil War *aficionado*. Splendidly annotated, this introductory volume on the man who eventually split eight White House years with Grover Cleveland seems always about to bring our interest to a boil but never quite to make it. The subject is at fault, most likely. Obviously it isn't lack of pains or scholarship. But, let's face it: both the ninth and twenty-third Presidents of the United States were very dull human beings, though splendid generals. They aren't the only ones in our history, either.

NEW RANDALL, OLD STORY: The late Professor J. G. Randall of the University of Illinois published in 1937 a history called "The Civil War and Reconstruction," which is said to have had merit and popularity for quite some years. David Donald, professor of history at Princeton and a protégé of Randall's a quarter of a century ago, has now brought Randall up to date, incorporating the finds in scholarship that invariably alter the writing of U.S. history as time unfolds. This book, **"The Divided Union"** (Little, Brown, $6.50), is a one-volume reconstruction of the war years in Randall's earlier work plus something Donald's own. Inevitable comparison with such segments as the Morison and Commager chapters on the great conflict does this book no favors. It isn't a matter of scholarly default but of the flow and cadence of language, wooden and unmusical here for the most part (though how many children have been scourged along similar paths of dull history in the endless past?). One wonders if perhaps Little, Brown wouldn't have been wiser to have commissioned the Princeton professor to do something entirely on his own, rather than revive pedantic clichés so dated in our era of Cattons and Warrens (yet Carl Sandburg's Lincoln was published in Randall's era and rings and sings still in unforgettable prose-history). This volume does have the merit, however, of being thorough and accurate, and it possesses a splendid index and full annotation.

REVIVAL OF CLASSIC RHODES: James Ford Rhodes condensed, about half a century ago, his own brilliant multi-volume history of the Civil War—its antecedents and aftermath—into a single book which had such enormous success and high critical acceptance that it turned not only into a long-term best-seller (which did not often come to histories then) but also won for Rhodes the Pulitzer Prize. Allan Nevins said years ago of this first unbiased account of the awful interfamily struggle: "It remains invaluable for its careful proportions, soundness of judgment and breadth of view." Dr. Nevins was, as usual, precisely on target.

Even today, in an edition for its American Classics series, Frederick Ungar Publishing Company is able, with some astute editing and an introduction by E. B. Long, to make almost 500 pages of a half-century-old U.S. history modern on intrinsic merit alone. The balance is there; the topical drama and excellence of writing are there; the characters in the terrible play are alive because Rhodes could write the English language, his scholarship was immaculate, and his sense of staging and timing almost unparalleled among Civil War historians. At $6.50, this is

—From "The American Civil War."

Fierce fighting from mid-June into late February, 1865, kept the Petersburg front in the headlines.

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one purchase every Civil War enthusiast should make if his library, like my own, had not formerly contained the one-volume Rhodes "**History of the Civil War,**" now reissued with the help of Mr. Long, who is, by the way, the unsung researcher-hero of Bruce Catton's "The Centennial History of the Civil War."

GARDNER AND BRADY: Mathew Brady was the nineteenth century's most famous photographer, the man credited with unbelievably good picture coverage of the Civil War, and Abraham Lincoln's photographic portraitist supreme. It was not all Brady, though. A Scot named Alexander Gardner, brought to the U.S. by Brady five years before Fort Sumter, ran Brady's Washington shop and in it put on sensitized plate for posterity many a famous contemporary in the capital of a war-torn country—Abraham Lincoln undoubtedly among them. "**Gardner's Photographic Sketch Book of the Civil War**" (Dover, $6) contains exactly 100 Gardner war photographs with a page of text opposite each. We have seen many of them before; others of them haven't been published in our lifetime. Most startling to an old buff are an action shot of Battery D, 2d U.S. Artillery, taken during the actual Battle of Fredericksburg in June, 1863, and a photo of Major General George G. Meade standing on the tiny porch of a tiny headquarters house, just back of the cemetery at Gettysburg on July 2, 1863, a most memorable day and place in U.S. history.

WHEN THE WAR WAS OVER: A tale of three score officers from both sides in the Civil War who, when it was finished, could not face civilian life and went to Egypt to serve in the army of the khedive, Ismail Pasha, is told by William B. Hasseltine and Hazel C. Wolf in a University of Chicago release, "**The Blue and Gray on the Nile**" ($5). The khedive was eager and fortunate to get specialists in navigation, engineering, surveying, exploration, and blood-letting at a time when reform of the Egyptian army and Egyptian expansion into central Africa were very much in the news. Ismail Pasha was forced to modernize his semibarbaric country because the Suez Canal had just been completed and Egypt was now the crossroads of East and West. These Blue and Gray ex-officers were soldiers of misfortune who found happier post-battle life in the security of the African military than in Reconstruction America. A bit esoteric for the average Centennial reader, including this one, the story is well told withal and probably of some importance to scholars of nineteenth century Egyptian history. Since your correspondent was not in this select circle he kept wondering as he read, yawning, why on earth the book had ever been published.

DOUBLEHEADER BY STERN: Indiana University Press has issued two new volumes in its Centennial series with simultaneous publication date and a common, and uncommon, editor. Philip Van Doren Stern needs no introduction to Civil War buffs, who will find "**Soldier Life in the Union and Confederate Armies**" ($6.95) and "**Prologue to Sumter**" ($8.95) thorough, readable, authentic, and truly valuable source material. The first volume is penciled down from "Hardtack and Coffee" by John D. Billings, a private from Massachusetts, and from "Detailed Minutiae of Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia" by Carlton McCarthy, his gray-clad counterpart.

The Billings memoir first appeared in 1888 in Boston and is documentation of precisely how Union soldiers were recruited, sheltered, fed, punished, amputated, marched, organized, and tormented by expert botchers, the enemy, and the elements. Mr. Stern has had the wit to include facsimiles of the music of Union bugle calls, verses of soldier songs, enlistment blanks, and original illustrations explaining such elemental matters as how a military offender was bucked and gagged, what a field bake-oven looked like, or how the conical Sibley Tent was pitched, stove and all.

The other half of this book is also written by an artilleryman and follows a similar pattern of comforts, conveniences, and consolations, as well as the indescribable horrors of fratricidal fighting. The cliché that you must read the diary of a common soldier if you wish to know what war is really like never had finer affirmation than in this absorbing release.

The second Stern book, "Prologue to Sumter," is on more familiar reading terrain. It opens with a *Harper's Weekly* account of John Brown's raid at Harpers Ferry in the fall of 1859, then moves through 546 hectic days until Fort Sumter is forced to surrender and the Civil War officially begins. Here are excerpts from contemporary diaries, letters, memos, articles, documents, speeches, and editorials, written within hours of each dramatic twist and drop in the toboggan run to war.

Most absorbing is an account of an Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, passed in 1861 by Congress, to make slavery legally permanent. The Amendment easily achieved a two-thirds vote in both Houses and was actually signed by President Buchanan. But it never became part of our Constitution because the required ratification by three-fourths of all the states was never obtained. War exploded weeks later, Lincoln was inaugurated, and slavery was doomed, not permanently legalized as it might well have been by the following spring had Fort Sumter not been fired upon.

MARCHING FROM ATLANTA: John M. Gibson's "**Those 163 Days**" (Coward-McCann, $5.75) is a Southern report of William Tecumseh Sherman's march from Atlanta to Raleigh, but the book is far more than rebel point of view versus Northern hero. Like millions of Southerners, Mr. Gibson grew up in an atmosphere of hatred for The Scourge; through years of research and Northern living he has dropped only a few of his original prejudices. But he has come, as most prolific Civil War readers do, to honor the military genius of the man who believed war to be Hell itself, who used ruthless warfare the more quickly to end its frightfulness. Gibson believed Sherman was personally responsible for the burning of Columbia, S. C., and unnecessarily cruel in his use of hunger and deprivation as war weapons. Yet Gibson's account is faithful to the traditional facts and, in its committed way, honors justly the man who split the Confederacy asunder with his unbelievable march to the sea through the very heart of enemy country and with no supply line save local forage. Well worth a devotee's time.

MISSISSIPPI REFIGHTS THE WAR: Louisiana State University Press publishes two volumes on its own jurisdiction, the first showing how Mississippi Rebels on the field of battle saw their side of the indigenous conflict, the second a view in retrospect. Episodic by intent, these books are wholly a sequence of brief quotations from men and women who were there, and men and women who looked back, usually in sadness, at a lost cause. These brief views are thoughtfully strung together by James K. Bettersworth, professor of history at Mississippi State, and James W. Silver, professor of history at the University of Mississippi; but one can immediately sympathize with their problem when one realizes the deliberate speaking and writing style of deep Southerners of 1861 or 1961. Gracious as this style may be in conversation, and it can be completely winning, it is sometimes heavy going in printed version.

The first volume, "**As They Saw It,**" is infinitely superior to the second. In it we encounter the running story from

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diaries, official records, newspaper dispatches, all the usual paraphernalia of anthological history. The second volume, **"As Seen in Retrospect,"** necessarily skips around a bit, and a dull memoir from the post-bellum South may rub elbows with a sparkling Mark Twain vignette of how the whiskey was saved during the siege of Vicksburg. The books are printed in handsome grayish blue, red, and gold format and cost $5.95 each or $10 for the set, which comes boxed. They were published for the Mississippi State Department of Archives and History in Jackson, under the common title "Mississippi in the Confederacy."

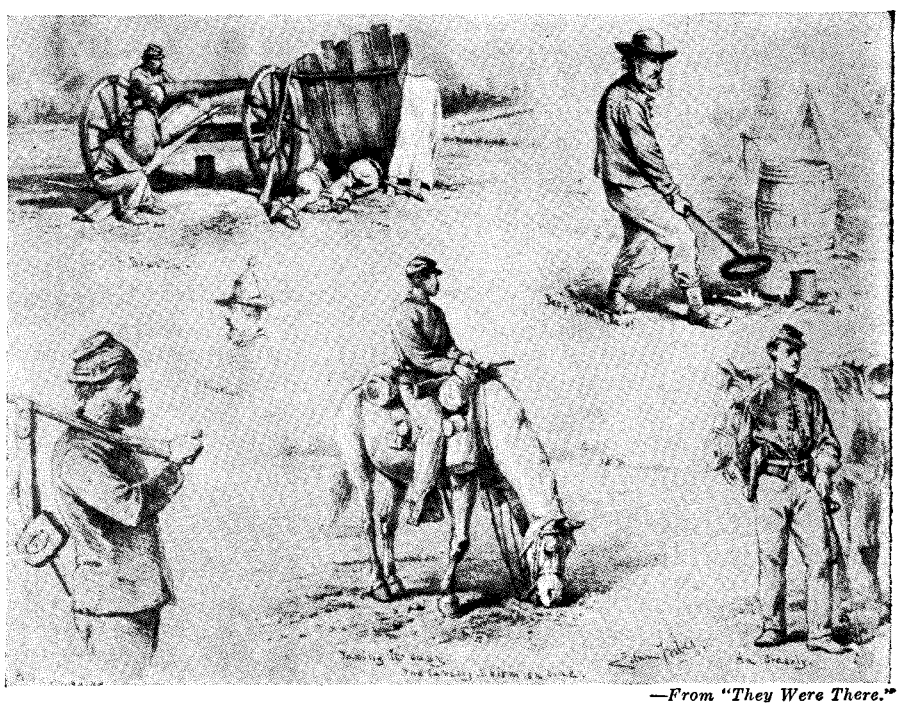
"WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM . . .": Wayne State University Press memorializes episodes of Michigan regiments in the Civil War, and one can only wonder why a book costing $6.50 and as thoroughly annotated as Frank B. Woodford's **"Father Abraham's Children"** has no index, a great mistake in nonfiction historical works. Just the same, for people whose ancestors fought with the Gallant 24th, the 2nd Infantry, the 4th Cavalry, or any of dozens of illustrious Michigan blueclads, a feeling of interest and pride is unavoidable. Take the Gallant 24th: recruited mostly from Detroit and Wayne County, it belonged to the famous Iron Brigade and was one of the first units to see desperate action at Gettysburg. On the first day of this super-battle, July 1, 1863, the Gallant 24th lost 316 in killed and wounded. There is no higher casualty rate among Union regiments at Gettysburg, though it is possible that some of Pickett's losses were worse by percentage. One forgets that General George Armstrong Custer came from Michigan, a fourteen-carat Union hero and later Indian fighter of traditional renown; and also Captain Ben Pritchard, the Allegan man who pursued and captured Jefferson Davis near Irwinville, Georgia, on May 11, 1865. For the loyal Michigan *aficionado.*

LEGEND OF THE UNDERGROUND: The fundamental value of books like Larry Gara's **"The Liberty Line: The Legend of the Underground Railroad"** (University of Kentucky Press, $5) lies in their reducing fiction to fact, an especially fertile field when it comes to the underground railroad that helped bring slaves through the border states to the North during the late unpleasantness. Inefficient, informal, often nonexistent, the organization we have come to call the "Underground Railroad" was in fact little more than scattered and spontaneous assistance from one human being to another. Fugitives often traveled hundreds of agonizing miles and many hungry days without help of any sort. There was probably no powerful or integrated organization except in the reminiscences of aged abolitionists who "wished to secure a place in history for themselves." History has, therefore, been utterly wrong in ascribing to the abolitionist movement a thoroughgoing and smoothly run underground transportation system for runaway slaves. In "The Liberty Line" the legend's ghost is fortunately and finally exorcised, and about time. Painstakingly annotated from original sources, this book (a Ford Foundation grant enterprise) probably has permanent value, typos and all, for the searching historian and the dedicated Centennial fan.

CONFEDERATE FROM BOSTON: General in the Confederate Army Albert Pike, sometime champion of Indian rights, possibly a sadist, lived eighty-one years of excesses and extremes, described in **"Reluctant General: The Life and Times of Albert Pike,"** by Robert Lipscomb Duncan (Dutton, $5). Boston-born and New-England-schoolmaster-trained, Pike and his flowing curls and beard became legendary in Indian country and a favorite target of abolitionist editorial writers. Albert Pike turned to philosophy after the war and became a Masonic scholar of such repute that his writings on the 33rd Degree-Scottish Rite are said to be classics, though this part of his story is left strangely undeveloped by Mr. Duncan. The man who could make Diamond Jim Brady and his gluttony look like a Gaylord Hauser diet eventually starved to death, though he weighed 300 pounds at the age of eighty. Sometimes readable, but definitely a minor Civil War item.

PERSONAL HISTORY: In **"A Yankee Private's Civil War,"** Ashley Halsey of the *Post* staff has carefully edited dusty pages of notes hastily scrawled in the light of campfire or during the lull of battles in which Robert Hale Strong, a nineteen-year-old Illinois infantryman, took part. Private Strong wrote it all down with a sense of intimacy rare in Civil War diaries. Perhaps the most interesting and valuable intelligence one gets from this remarkably human volume is the constant and informal joining together of widely diverse groups of Federal infantry, sometimes of platoon or company strength, without direction from above or even lesser officers to guide them. Unscheduled, improvised regroupings of chunks of Union manpower time and time again informally combine to take a Reb town or knock off a Reb attack. Little that has been written about the Civil War so clearly gives definition to a singular manifestation of the American spirit of free enterprise, even in war. This slight but commendable volume is published by Regnery at $3.95, a remarkably low price for a book carrying many etchings, spot photographs, and so lovely a design of jacket, front cover, flyleaves, and endpapers. —R.L.T.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A bibliography of Centennial books appears on page 31.*



—From "They Were There."

The common soldier as portrayed by Edwin Forbes.

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FICTION

Experiments in Fratricide

"Many Are the Hearts," by Bruce Palmer *(Simon & Schuster. 320 pp. $4.95), comprises four short novels revealing the sordid reality beneath the sentimental aura that has come to surround the Civil War. Historian Earl Schenck Miers has written numerous books, for both young people and adults, about the tragic conflict—among them, "Web of Victory: Grant at Vicksburg."*

By Earl Schenck Miers

Bruce Palmer—captures the heartaches.

IN THIS collection of four Civil War novelettes, each written with deftness and tenderness, Bruce Palmer captures the melancholy heartache that became the final product of America's great experiment in fratricide. There are no men of classic heroic stature in these pages, except that the will to survive may, in the end, constitute heroism of the human spirit.

Frankly, by the measure of the historical romanticist, Mr. Palmer's assortment of Civil War characters are rather a mean, discreditable lot. The picture he draws of them is not the one that will appear in the columns of their hometown newspapers or the pages of their regimental histories. Mr. Palmer understands what this war did: how, by dragging on too long, it crushed men's ideals; how, by being fought so bitterly, it twisted their values; how, by becoming an efficient business of killing, military automation displaced the individual Dixie knife-fighter and Yankee avenger across the battle lines.

So many became the weary hearts "wishing for the war to cease"—the machine-made disciplinarians who knew deep within themselves that they were little better than murderers; the crafty deserters who had learned on the battlefield how to trick saints with the devil's guile; the Georgian plantation owners who were not benevolent landlords but simply heartless tyrants under the duress of Sherman's march to the sea.

If such themes make for bruising storytelling, then let it be said at once that Mr. Palmer brings off his assignment with brilliance. His opening tale, "The Butcher's Bill," relates the terrible vengeance that befalls three Rebel ambulance drivers who leave their wounded to die while they seek shelter during a snow storm. "My Brother's Keeper" concerns a Yankee colonel who has shot the son of his Confederate brother and who goes under a flag of truce to confess his inner feelings of guilt. "The Rooster" is about a rooster, and a hungry pair of soldiers—one deserter, one captor—and how cupidity betrays them both. The final story, "The Short Straw," revealing the unwanted heroism that came to a man who wished so desperately to live, may well endure as a minor classic.

Quite clearly, except for a Rod Serling, there is too much realism and honesty here for the cliché artists of television to toy with. Even the historian, bound to his documentary sources, finds it difficult to portray the war in this dimension of human torment and destruction. Nor will those astonishing pageant-makers, the members of the Civil War Centennial Commission, discover much in these pages that they can re-enact for sentimental Virginians at three dollars a grandstand seat (including barbecued hot dogs for visitors of proper skin color).

Mr. Palmer needn't worry. He will find his audience. They will understand that he has given them the kind of insight into war which an artist perceives when, listening to the quiet wind, he hears lonely, ghostly voices singing from a time long gone: "Many are the hearts that are looking for the right/To see the dawn of peace."

The Second Sin

"Ippolita," by Alberto Denti di Pirajno *(Doubleday. 312 pp. $4.95), a novel of nineteenth-century Italy by a seventy-three year old duke, describes the metamorphosis of a woman obsessed by avarice. Thomas G. Bergin, a professor of Italian at Yale University, edited and translated Dante's "The Divine Comedy."*

By Thomas G. Bergin

ITALY, one begins to think, will have to create a new classification of novels: those written by elderly noblemen. Close on the heels of "The Leopard"—or at least with such dignified urgency as becomes its seventy-three-year-old author—comes "Ippolita," the work of Duke Alberto Denti di Pirajno, of antecedents no less lofty than Lampedusa's and with a more distinguished public career (including the melancholy privilege of surrendering Tripoli to Monty in 1943). "Ippolita" has already won a prize in Italy and may win more; in its English version (written by its bilingual author) it will certainly win the respect of readers in America. It is a conventional novel with no avant-garde devices, but in the old-fashioned matters of characterization and plot it stands high.

It is, in framework, a historical romance. Ippolita, the central figure, is a wealthy and emotionally starved woman whose life span extends roughly from 1790 to 1850. Child of successful and avaricious stock, she attains to aristocratic status in a small independent Italian duchy (sounds a little like Parma). The reader follows her through her girlhood, her education, and her impulsive marrige to Konrad Von Grueber, "the mad hussar," and watches her gradual metamorphosis into a monster of greed after her husband's death and her (somewhat obscurely motivated) adoption of his illegitimate son. However, the principal interest of the novel is not in the historical background but in the characterization of the figures in the story.

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To an Italian I suspect that the author's coloring may suggest Nievo and perhaps remotely Manzoni; to the English reader the larger-than-life, caricatured, often satirical, yet rather boisterously good-humored treatment of the figures will recall Dickens or (if any are left to read him) the exuberant Charles Lever.

Ippolita herself nearly gets out of hand, becoming almost incredible in her obsessive cupidity, but certain realistic details and comic overtones anchor her to earth. "The mad hussar" is a vigorous and appealing sketch; born for campaigns and combat, he turns, in the peaceful and unexciting countryside where he is compelled to live, to the normal diversions of the soldier on leave: drinking, reveling, and wenching. The villagers love him and so will the reader. The author saves a gentler pen for the juvenile roles; young Ippolito and his bride stand out with a wistful charm against the background of self-seeking courtiers and eccentrics. It is too bad Ippolito had to die, but what was left for an Austrian officer in an Italy that was to be born a few years later in any case? "Ippolita" is overlaid with such richness of episode and interplay of personality that one is hardly aware of its underlying melancholy.

All in all, this is a meaty book; if the cut is a little old-fashioned, the flavor is good and the substance nourishing.

A Nice World He Never Made

"His Own Man," by Martha Gellhorn *(Simon & Schuster. 192 pp. $3.75), introduces three more denizens of the Left Bank: a young man from Milwaukee, a lovely and philanthropic French aristocrat, and a hedonistic English girl. Ned Calmer has written two novels about Americans in Paris—"Strange Land" and "All the Summer Days."*

By Ned Calmer

BEN ECKHARDT thought he had it made. Young, American, good-looking, and self-sufficient, he had adopted Paris as a way of life and used a never-ending series of Sorbonne scholarships as a means of staying there. He was satisfied to live on very little money and to love as he pleased, which was briefly, casually, and variously. Ben was a long way from the Milwaukee of his pinched childhood, knew it, and wanted no change.

Then one day, on the terrace of the Café des Deux Magôts (where else?) Fate interrupted him in the guise of Jessica de Camberges, a pale and lovely French aristocrat dedicated to the preservation of refugees. It was a less than romantic meeting; Jessica spilled coffee all over Ben's trousers. But it was the beginning of the end of Ben's tranquillity. He was not aware of this at first. When the time came, Ben demobilized the ascetic Jessica, or so he thought, choosing next the lusty charms of a rich English wanderbird named Liz Langham. It was Jessica, paradoxically, who had led him to Liz. Gradually Ben let himself be seduced not so much by the English girl as by her entourage of gay, effortless funmakers, who had a glamour he had not even suspected. By the end of a summer that featured week ends at Le Touquet, long glorious days behind the wheel of Liz's Jaguar, and a yachting excursion to Greece, Ben found himself happily trapped in a world he never made but was highly reluctant to abandon for his previous grubby existence as a threadbare Sinologist.

Here Fate stepped in all over again, with Jessica surprisingly as handmaiden, and here Ben's real troubles began. But let Martha Gellhorn tell you the rest. Warm, wise, and witty, she is as expert a guide through Ben's two worlds as you could hope to find. Her French are as current and real as Mlle. Sagan's. Her English yield nothing to Miss Mitford's. As for Ben, she understands him to an extent—if one male reader may say so—that is positively indecent. What in other hands might have been merely a lighthearted chronicle of some minor social doings of the international set becomes, through her artistry, a penetrating study of what's right and wrong with the world and with us all. A novel as good as this one doesn't come along very often. It deserves to be read, and pondered. And not the least of its joys is Martha Gellhorn's affection for places as well as persons. She has given us an essence of Paris, its people, and its ways.

The Weight of War

"The Mountain and the Feather," by John Ashmead *(Houghton Mifflin. 397 pp. $5), is a kaleidoscope of love, heroism, stupidity, and atrocity during World War II in the Pacific. William Peden, director of the University of Missouri Press, frequently comments on current fiction.*

By William Peden

A WELL-KNOWN American publisher recently stated that what the book trade needs is a really big American novel. John Ashmead's "The Mountain and the Feather," his first book, may be just that. It is big physically, almost 400 good-sized pages. It is big in concept, concerned with the greatest of all thematic materials: war and love, duty and death. It is big in incident and excitement, centering around the experiences of Ensign Monty Classen from his arrival at Pearl Harbor in February 1943, via Yale and the Navy's Japanese Language Program, until the largest and perhaps the last great battle of the Navy line, that at Leyte Gulf, which broke the back of Japanese imperialism.

Between these two events in the transformation of Monty Classen, "The Mountain and the Feather" is alive with vividly portrayed scenes of heroism and stupidity and boredom and atrocity; of love of all kinds, exalted and perverted, tender and commerical; of humor and satire, particularly in the thinly camouflaged depiction of such military leaders as General MacDazzle and Admiral Hornbull; of the day-to-day living and dying of a memorable group of characters. These include Pilot Officer Kawai, who had flown a Zero in the attack on Pearl Harbor; Major Feverton, specialist in military intelligence, whose Ideas That Could Win the War include a Plan to Paint the Emperor's Portrait on the decks of all American carriers; Yeoman Prantz, who dislikes all reserve officers and hates Classen; and Leilani, the Japanese-Korean girl training to be a nurse, whose love affair with Classen is a unifying force in this kaleidoscopic panorama of history (as filtered through Classen's process of vision).

"The Mountain and the Feather" is big, too, in insight and understanding, striking in its fictional development of the contrasts embodied in the Imperial Rescript issued to the Japanese military machine at the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War: "Duty is heavier than a mountain, and so to be much re-

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garded; Death lighter than a feather, and therefore to be despised."

Finally, and most important, this is a novel that is large in achievement, in spite of its suffering, at times, from an embarrassment of riches. There is about it, it seems to me, a little too much of everything—too large a canvas, too many characters and too many events, too much preoccupation with technique, and in the later scenes (such as the Technicolored battlefield reunion of Classen and Leilani) too much manipulation of melodramatic materials. These shortcomings, if such they be, are of minor relevance. Mr. Ashmead, grandson of the founder of one of the first hospitals in Japan and like Monty Classen a veteran of the Pacific War (he is currently in Formosa on a Fulbright assignment), is a major talent, make no mistake about this.

BYWAYS OF DESIRE: If the new novel by Tereska Torres has any reportorial basis, there is an astonishing game being played in Paris these nights. Cars assemble in the Bois de Boulogne, and begin to trail each other, and after awhile the occupants signal, using their red rear lights. "A car slips out of line and pulls abreast of the one ahead. An invitation is given. . . ." At any rate, whether the game exists or not, the Parisians who make up the cast of **"The Only Reason"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) are intrigued, and some decide to join in for a night. Among them are a middle-aged publisher and his innocent, very young wife; a young and nicely married couple; a fading French beauty of thirty-five; a cynical American photographer of forty. They eventually learn something that is not terribly surprising—that love is the qualitative element that lends dignity and meaning to the game of sex.

Miss Torres is sparse and skilful as she develops her little round of desire. She manages a touch of the eerily perverse, as a young prostitute and a girl determined to save her find a sudden affinity for each other. There is a bit of melodrama as the publisher's wife attempts suicide. (He has accepted an invitation from a couple in one of the cars.) But while it is cleverly stage-managed, well written, with a note of wisdom here and there, the book disappoints, because the people are thin to the point of transparency, and because the sordid game in the park is not really enough to hang a novel on. And for all her peeking into the byways of human desire, Miss Torres reveals herself to be basically a sentimentalist. She has done better than this, and she is a good enough writer to do so again.

—Hollis Alpert.

PERSONAL HISTORY

Crown and Constitution

The Queen . . . and her adversary

"Regina vs. Palmerston: The Correspondence Between Queen Victoria and Her Foreign and Prime Minister, 1837-1865," by Brian Connell *(Doubleday. 396 pp. $5.95), documents the prickly but appreciative relationship between sovereign and statesman during a time of profound change in the character of the monarchy. Morse Peckham, professor of English literature at the University of Pennsylvania, is particularly interested in documents of the Victorian period.*

By Morse Peckham

IT IS impossible not to admire Queen Victoria. Even Sir Max Beerbohm's posthumously revealed and hilariously delicious forged annotations to her Highlands journal cannot really damage her. Perhaps the main reason is that we know so much about her, or at least have so many documents—her personal letters and journals, innumerable reports by others, masses of official correspondence. It is not a question of understanding breeding forgiveness, nor that, really, there was so little to forgive. Rather, when we know so much about any human being (Dr. Johnson is perhaps history's first great example) failures, weaknesses, and little and big viciousnesses evaporate while we are lost in wonder that such a human being—any human being—somehow managed to survive.

The great Queen's survival is enormously impressive because she was in a fearfully difficult position. Yet it was that position that made her great, and at times absurd. The perennial fascination of the British constitution lies in the fact that although there is one, no one knows what it is. If that is true now, it was ten times truer in the nineteenth century, when the relation of the Crown to the State was going through a profound transition which culminated in the metamorphosis of the monarch into a democratic symbol. The constitution, as always, was being remade, and the poor Queen scarcely knew what was to come of it, not that anybody else did, with the possible exceptions of Prince Albert and Disraeli.

The essence of the British feeling about government, as opposed to the American, is that here "government" is a singular noun, but in England it is plural. That grammatical peculiarity —Her Majesty's Government *have* done so-and-so—constantly makes one sharply aware that a group of individuals is carrying on governmental affairs, not a corporate body, which is all too easily thought of as a single entity. And that realization in turn forces one to think in terms not of a mythical State but of real human beings. Uncle Sam is a symbol of government, John Bull of national character, the essence of which is found in the word "empiricism." The British constitution forced the Queen to think in terms of realities, and though she certainly made errors—and so did Palmerston—her

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response to the challenge of her situation was noble.

Few books bring all this out as clearly as Mr. Connell's admirable selection from the papers of the Palmerston Archives at Broadlands. From 1,200 letters from the Queen—only 5 per cent previously published—and 4,500 from Palmerston to his sovereign—virtually unpublished—he has selected and judiciously stitched together with short explanations to make an extremely readable account of their relationship: friendship, duplicity, anger, tentative rapprochement, further falling out, suspicion, trust, confidence, amusement, good and bad will. And finally, when Palmerston died after years of daring and dangerous and disingenuous service as Foreign Minister and Prime Minister—years in which he both approached and went beyond the limits of the constitution—Victoria experienced regret and a powerful sense of loss.

Not many books have presented so fascinatingly and with such clarity Queen Victoria in her public role and how she played it.

The Man Behind the Memoirs

"The Late Lord Byron," by Doris Langley Moore *(Lippincott. 508 pp. $8.50), lays the ghosts of some of the half-truths and lies that sprang up with the death of the poet and that have persisted ever since. Leslie A. Marchand is the author of the three-volume "Byron: A Biography."*

By Leslie A. Marchand

DORIS LANGLEY MOORE confesses to having fallen in love with Lord Byron when she was fourteen. This alone would not have given her distinction, for innumerable women have shared that experience from the beginning of the nineteenth to the middle of the twentieth century. What is rare, however, is that her devotion, which has lasted throughout her life and has carried her through the most painstaking researches, has left her with the detachment necessary to "see Byron plain" and at the same time to view with balanced and sometimes sardonic judgment the most wilful or ignorant distortion of the facts by the swarm of memoirists who burst into print after Byron's death in 1824.

Mrs. Langley Moore had the unique privilege of examining thoroughly the hitherto inaccessible Lovelace papers (the large collection hoarded by Byron's wife after the separation) with the permission of the poet's great-granddaughter, the late Lady Wentworth. From this and many other manuscript and printed sources she has assembled an impressive array of documentary evidence that throws new light on Byron's life and character as well as on the frailties, fears, jealousies, self-exculpations, and self-aggrandizements of the friends and relatives who survived him.

The author has pictured with a fine irony the motives and machinations that led to the burning of Byron's Memoirs by his most devoted friends three days after the news of his death arrived in London. Much of her story centers on the efforts of John Cam Hobhouse, Byron's closest friend and executor, to preserve the poet's fame (*i.e.*, to prevent any biography from being written). After joining with John Murray, Byron's erstwhile publisher, in the destruction of the poet's Memoirs despite the opposition of Thomas Moore, Hobhouse doggedly withheld material that would have rounded out Moore's life of Byron, although he preserved letters and journals and documents which have been of inestimable value to later biographers.

The candid treatment of the self-righteous and implacable Lady Byron tends to dissolve the myth of her "undeviating rectitude," while the bungling attempts of Byron's half-sister, Augusta Leigh, to preserve her own self-respect and her brother's memory are presented with equal frankness. As for Lady Caroline Lamb, whose madcap mischief never ceased after Byron gave her congé, we see her now playing a two-faced game, swearing to Byron that she had spread no scandal during the separation proceedings, while secretly revealing to Lady Byron information that confirmed the latter's suspicions of her husband's incest with Augusta. And we know for the first time that Caroline told Lady Byron of Byron's homosexual propensities.

Of the biographers and writers of memoirs, those whose distortions are most incontrovertibly revealed by the new evidence are Leigh Hunt, Stendhal, John Galt, Lady Blessington, and E. J. Trelawny, "Lord Byron's jackal." Yet, as the author points out, though their contradictions and errors have been exposed before, biographers captivated by their "picturesqueness" have continued to quote these accounts with too little critical reserve. One indictment of Byron's character, which has been repeated numberless times, largely on the authority of Trelawny and Hunt, has now been quashed: the assumption that after promising Mary Shelley money to return to England Byron left for Greece without providing it.

This is a fascinating book for anyone who cares about the drama of Byron's life and the controversies started.

"Son, when are you going to finish my portrait?"

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Saturday Review

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The Perils of Exasperation

A DANGEROUS mood of exasperation is gripping America. We have taxed ourselves as we have never been taxed before; we have borrowed as we have never borrowed before; we have spent as we have never spent before—all in a mammoth effort to achieve security. Yet the inescapable fact is that we have never been less secure. We are the mightiest and best armed nation in history. Yet we have never felt more vulnerable or exposed.

Frustration surrounds us. Crisis confounds us. Nothing ever really gets resolved. There is always a new and larger crisis to sustain the sense of total alarm. The threat of a world holocaust growing out of Korea or Formosa is hardly eased when the fuses start sputtering in Suez or Lebanon or Iran. A respite is contrived in the Near East when suddenly smoke starts billowing out of the Congo. We fix our attention on that event when an even more menacing fire breaks out in Laos. Then Laos, still smoking, is superseded by Berlin in a crisis that can end all crises.

Meanwhile, we are bedeviled and bereft by the bewildering variety of shapes and forms that trouble can take. We declare that the Western Hemisphere is out of bounds to intruders, but one of the members of our hemispheric company professes a liking for the intruder's dust and takes on the style and habit of the ideology we are trying to guard against. The nature of the challenge keeps shifting from place to place; sometimes it is primarily military, sometimes economic, sometimes ideological, sometimes it is a combination of all three or more. We seem always to be dealing with the unpredictables and having to trail behind events. Despite anything and everything we do to hold our own, the ground on which we stand seems to shrink year by year.

The result is a dangerous mood of exasperation both in government and the general public. It is dangerous because exasperation is the natural enemy of responsible judgment.

The relief demanded by exasperation is action, and the more direct the better. But it is also in the nature of action-born-of-exasperation to produce exactly the opposite effect from the one intended. Consider the Cuban episode. Cuba is close to home; its new government could become the infecting agent for the rest of Latin America; it was blatantly insolent toward the United States. Nothing seemed simpler than to mastermind and support an attempt to overthrow the Cuban government. As a result, we did Castro's work for him. We damaged ourselves throughout Latin America to a far greater extent than he himself could have done. Even more serious, we compromised our position inside the United Nations, the leadership of which is so vitally connected to our security.

In Laos, we were exasperated by the government of Souvanna Phouma. True, it was not sympathetic to Communist China and refused to recognize it. True, it gave the kind of hospitality to Western military and political missions that was denied to the USSR. But on the whole it was neutralist and insisted on going its own way in many matters on which we had sharply different opinions. In our exasperation, we took what we thought was the most direct way. We financed a revolution aimed against the government we ourselves had recognized. It didn't work. The result today is that yet another government may be cut in two, with the Communists in control of half. Today we would gladly settle for a neutralist government of the type we had before but we are not likely to get it.

The greatest mistake of all came some years ago when we convinced ourselves that we couldn't possibly defend ourselves against the Communist conspiracy except by behaving like Communists. Thus we created our own secret agents, men who could operate in the world of cloaks and daggers, working with unvouchered funds, conniving and conspiring to turn situations to our own advantage in the world. For years we had proclaimed that the end could never justify the means, and that Communism violated a basic law of human behavior in its failure to accept this fact. We had quoted the American Founding Fathers, who, as students of history, knew that no man could be trusted with secret absolute powers. Yet we set all this aside when we employed means totally inconsistent with the nature of our own government. The result was that we have become weaker, not stronger. Our strength is in the character of our society, in the kind of trust we command in the world, in the quality of our leadership in the community of nations. When we imitate the enemy we take on his liabilities. And we hold the intelligence of other peoples lightly indeed if we think they will excuse in us that which we have asked them to condemn in our foes

We are not doomed to inactivity or helplessness by the nature of our history or by our ideals. The alternatives before the American people are not impulsive action or surrender. There is much we can do. We can identify the problem correctly. We can see the relationship between Korea and Suez and Hungary and Laos and the Congo and Berlin. We can recognize that world anarchy is the basic disease, intensified and exacerbated by the ideological struggle. We can see world law as the underlying principle and make it the central objective of our foreign policy.

There is something else we can do. We can take an inventory of our assets. High among those assets is a revolutionary past. If we can comprehend the significance of that experience, we can make a great deal of sense at a time when most of the world's peoples are shopping for a revolution. We can also rediscover the fact that America is an idea before it is a sovereign unit. In short, we can be ourselves. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CRITICIZING THE CRITICS

MALCOLM COWLEY'S felicitous critical credo, "Criticism: A Many-Windowed House" [*SR*, Aug. 12], was an unexpected delight to those of us who savor good writing. Perhaps those critics he mentions whose "language is awkward, involved, and inaccurate" might do well to study alongside Dean Cooley's illiterate law students, described in the same issue in the article "A Law School Fights Graduate Illiteracy."

ALBERT COHN.
Providence, R. I.

VIEWS OF BERLIN

PLEASE ACCEPT MY congratulations and thanks for the Joseph Alsop article, "The Most Important Decision in U.S. History," and for N.C.'s editorial, "Berlin: No Extermination Without Representation" [*SR*, Aug. 5]. Both sides of this critical problem, our relationship with Communism, are well presented.

I think the article by Mr. Alsop should be must reading for every American adult. it makes clear just why we must stand firm in Berlin, without overlooking the possible costs. A firm stand offers our best chance for survival under the only conditions that would make survival desirable. . . .

DWIGHT N. GROTENHOUSE.
Orange City, Iowa

A NORTH AMERICAN FRIEND has given me your August 5 issue to read. I was very disappointed in the article by Joseph Alsop because it seems that he believes the United States should, if necessary, go to nuclear war for Berlin.

We Mexicans are worried by all this. President Kennedy wants to spend money for shelters and civilian defense, in case he must make the big decision with his gold telephone in the White House. This may be all right for the people who have concrete shelters under the earth. But do not forget that on the other side of the frontier we Mexicans have no shelters, no civilian defense.

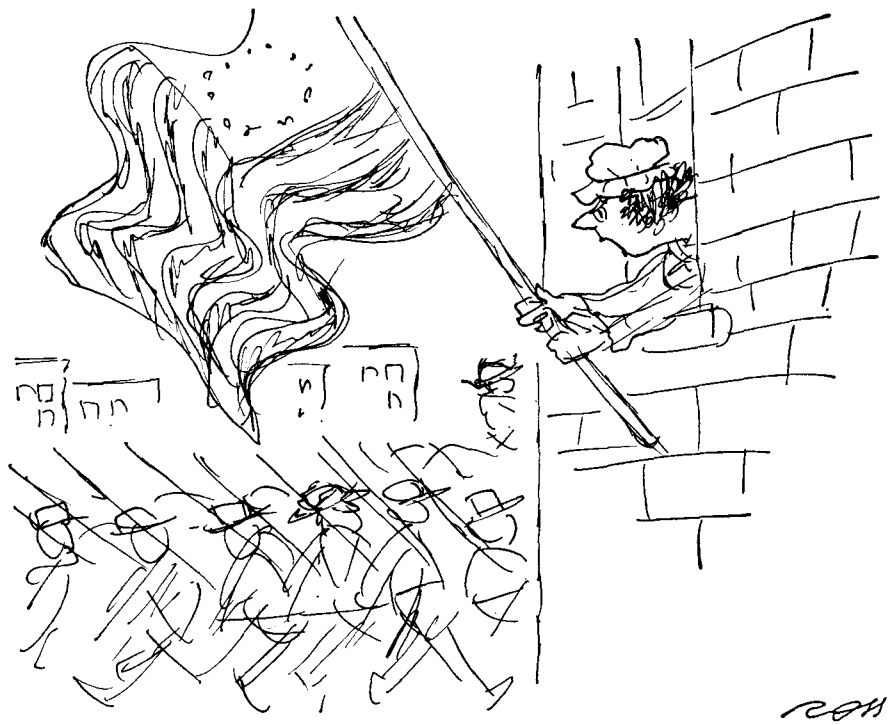
The North Americans in the Pentagon and White House must not forget that the rest of the world also has opinions about Berlin and nuclear war. . . . If the U.S. is in mortal danger by enemy occupation or bombing, then fight. But if this is just a problem of government influence and prestige, then I'm sure we Mexicans and the rest of the world won't want to be disintegrated for problems that are yours and Russia's. . . .

HELIO SALIDO HURTADO.
Mexico City, D. F.

IS A POLICEMAN justified in firing into a crowd in an effort to kill a murderer, asks N.C. in his editorial "Berlin: No Extermination Without Representation."

Like everyone else, the policeman is accountable for his acts of negligence. But the law is well established that a policeman has a right to defend himself. He is not obliged to retreat or desist when he meets with resistance on the part of the criminal.

IRVING B. ZEICHNER.
Altantic Highlands, N. J.



"Shoot if you must this prematurely gray head."

I WANT TO TELL you how much I enjoyed your issue of August 5, particularly the articles by Joseph Alsop and N.C. They are both top-notch, highly informative journalism.

ARTHUR E. WILK.
Chicago, Ill.

SELECTED POEMS

WE HAVE JUST NOTICED that in your July 22 issue the title of Conrad Aiken's volume of poetry is incorrectly given as "Collected Poems." We published such a volume in 1953 and the whole point of this present volume is that it is "*Selected* Poems."

FON W. BOARDMAN, JR.,
Oxford University Press.
New York, N. Y.

FOR THE RECORD

LET'S GET the record straight on Hemingway.

As acting telegraph editor for the Atlanta *Journal* on July 3, I challenged the Associated Press report that Hemingway was born July 21, 1899. I pointed out that Webster's New International Dictionary, along with most of the other sources I had seen, called July 21, 1898, his birth date.

The AP in Atlanta checked with the New York office and came back quoting Carlos Baker as saying the year was 1899. Later I checked Baker's book and found in a footnote: "Hemingway's birthday, contrary to the information in various reference books, was July 21, 1899—not 1898."

Then your Hemingway issue [July 29] gave the date as 1898.

Has anybody seen a birth certificate?

RUDOLPH BURKE.
Atlanta, Ga.

YOUR HEMINGWAY ISSUE is a fitting tribute to a very great man. However, I have a letter in Hemingway's own hand stating that his birth date was July 21, 1899, not 1898 as *SR* had it.

While preparing a speech on Ernest Hemingway for an English class, I found a discrepancy in reference books in regard to his birth date. When I asked my instructor which date was correct, she said she did not know and jokingly suggested I write to Hemingway to find out. I did. Both of us were equally surprised when I received an answer. It was in pencil at the bottom of my letter, and stated:

Dear Mr. Hanson:
July 21 1899 is correct
yours very truly
E. Hemingway

KEITH HANSON.
St. Paul, Minn.

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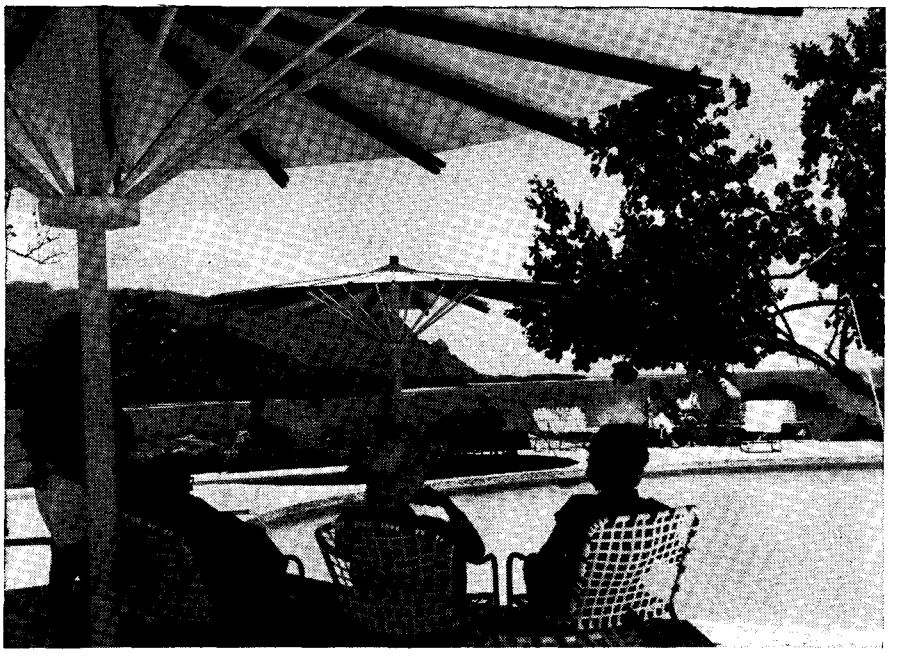
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Bittersweet Leilani



Some enchanted morning—Hanalei Plantation, the new Hawaiian hotel built where "South Pacific" was filmed.

THREE stirring issues managed to disquiet the summer calm that settles over Honolulu in the sultry season. In the order of the passion that they evoked they were: 1) Shall the lei sellers and shell necklace vendors be removed from the sidewalks of Waikiki? 2) Shall an outdoor restaurant and night spot called Queen's Surf, long popular with tourists, be removed in favor of a municipal park? 3) Wasn't James Michener an ingrate for saying in an interview upon publication of his new book, "Report of the County Chairman," that he and his Nisei wife had been subjected to so much discrimination in Hawaii they were forced to leave the islands for Bucks County, Pa.?

The Michener controversy was the initial and sometimes the sole topic of conversation at almost every social gathering I attended in Hawaii this summer. Although Michener has since stated in extended explanations to old island friends that he still may return here to retire when his productive years are over, one gathers the impression that he might be garrotted, lynched, or boiled in pineapple juice before he got any farther inshore than Captain Cook, the first white man to discover Hawaii, who was done in on the beach by natives in 1779.

The substance of what Michener said in an interview with a New York *Post* reporter is more fully and more permanently on record in "Report of the County Chairman." In effect he makes it known that there is discrimination in Hawaii and that Orientals are excluded from buying real estate in certain sections of the city and from taking membership in certain clubs. In truth, the seaside sections of Kahala, a small slice of one exclusive district, are said to be restricted, and there are three clubs that still will not accept Oriental members: the Pacific Club, the Outrigger Club on the beach at Waikiki, and the Oahu Country Club in the hills above the city. There is even one resort, Hana Maui, which imposes restrictions on Jews and last year refused to honor the reservation application of Dan Taradash, who was en route there, ironically enough at Michener's urging, to gather local color for the screenplay for Michener's "Hawaii," which Taradash had been engaged to write.

But Michener's statement, however disproportionately it was played in the interview, and however out of scale the controversy has become, is certainly at odds with the plain fact that Hawaii, with its striking mixtures of racial strains and comingling of peoples of a dozen diverse ethnic and religious origins, is the most tolerant and liberal society that I have yet come upon in better than a decade of searchings. I especially include in that comparison Asian nations that criticize our Southern color bias.

If the people of Hawaii, especially the intelligentsia, were still eager to gnaw on the Michener case on their candlelit lanais, the papers had long since grown weary of it. They were more interested at the moment in the touchy matter of the Queen's Surf, a place that has caught the tourist's favor in recent years, situated as it is under the tall palms at the very edge of the sea. Indeed, it is, or was, one of the few places along Waikiki where a visitor, or for that matter a resident, could appear in what used to pass for informal Hawaiian dress, and could listen to Polynesian entertainment in a Pacific setting. Honolulu's mayor, who termed it a "gin mill," thought the lease of the present concessionaire should not be renewed and that Queen's Surf should be turned back to the city for use as a municipal park.

The public debate that ensued on the editorial pages of the newspapers also produced some historical pieces about the property that threatened to bring in the National Monuments people. It was recalled that the house, once owned by Christian Holmes, was the site for President Roosevelt's Pacific meeting with General MacArthur and Admirals Halsey and Nimitz in July of 1944. Here MacArthur argued against the plan, favored by Nimitz, to bypass the Philippines, still in Japanese hands, and launch a full-scale attack on Formosa and China.

No such historical barnacles are attached to the matter of the lei sellers and the shell necklace vendors who inhabit Waikiki. Their presence there has been questioned by the Hawaii Visitors Bureau, a body which until recently had been solely engaged in promoting the islands to the rest of the world. Backed by some of Waikiki's more formal merchants, who pay rent for covered quarters, the Bureau is seeking to force the lei sellers to retreat to previously prepared antiseptic stands located on private property donated for the purpose. To those for whom the lei sellers threading their flowered garlands by lantern light has always been a scented breath of local color, their removal to new hygienic stands would be about the same as if the municipal authorities in Paris evicted the booksellers from the banks of the Seine and stationed them in chrome-and-glass booths elsewhere in the city.

Some time back the Honolulu au-

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thorities expelled the lei sellers from the immediate precincts of the shambles that passes for an airport in that lovely city, relocating them in a floral ghetto of palm and pandanus fronds several hundred yards down the road. The move never really improved things at the terminal, which still looks like a perpetual riot in a rundown arena. The only portion of the new terminal, which seems to have been abuilding since shortly after the first emigrating Tahitians landed here, is a domestic wing, a spiffy and workable depot used solely by Hawaiian Airlines, which conducts service to the Outer Islands. Pan American, for instance, is required to bring in its giant new Boeings, roaring in from the coast now in under five hours, to the old terminal, which is something like storing a Rolls-Royce under a tent. American Airlines, which fetches Pan Am's Hawaii-bound passengers to the West Coast from eastern seaboard points in less than five jet hours, has a similar situation in Los Angeles, which has opened its new airport, but is still using the old one.

It has confused some observers that the Hawaii Visitors Bureau, in company with the Waikiki merchants, has trained its burp guns on the lei stringers as a blight on the Waikiki scene while avoiding altogether the unsightly concrete bulwarks that are rising twenty-odd stories high at the very foot of Diamond Head, a postcard symbol of Hawaii roughly equal to the Arc de Triomphe. One can imagine the shrieks of outrage if the French were to announce a twenty-five-story skyscraper astride the Champs-Elysées obfuscating that magnificent sweep that begins at the Petit Carrousel, traverses the obelisk in the Concorde, and ends in glory at the Etoile. But the worst seems yet to be in the wings at Waikiki, for early in August the City Planning Commission approved a part of the Diamond Head area for apartment buildings which, if the City Council approves, may rise high in the Polynesian sky. No objections came from voices expected to protest loudly.

With hotels in Waikiki already built so close that occupants in adjoining buildings can actually reach across and shake hands, there are the makings of an up-island and off-island migration. Hilton, which bought the heterogeneous compound called the Hawaiian Village from Henry Kaiser, announced plans for a super luxury but low-rise hotel on the seaside grounds of the handsome Waialae Country Club at the end of Kahala Avenue, in the luxurious residential section perhaps twenty minutes from town. Sheraton, which is rumored to have put the Royal Hawaiian up for sale, has filed plans for a new resort hotel on magnificent Kaanapali Beach on Maui. The Kimballs, who have long run the most typically Hawaiian hotel on Waikiki, the storied old Halekulani, have already broken ground for their new cottage-style resort at Poipu Beach on Kauai, half an air hour from Honolulu. When I was out there the other day workmen were already remodeling some of the old houses on the property, which, like Waikiki, faces south into the sun. A salt-water pool will be set within a mass of black lava outcroppings at the edge of the sea. The reefs protect the beach so well that there is good swimming even when small craft warnings have been posted. So far there is enough fresh water available for twenty-four units, but if the civil authorities will bring in an ample supply, now two miles distant, the Kimballs have plans for ninety units.

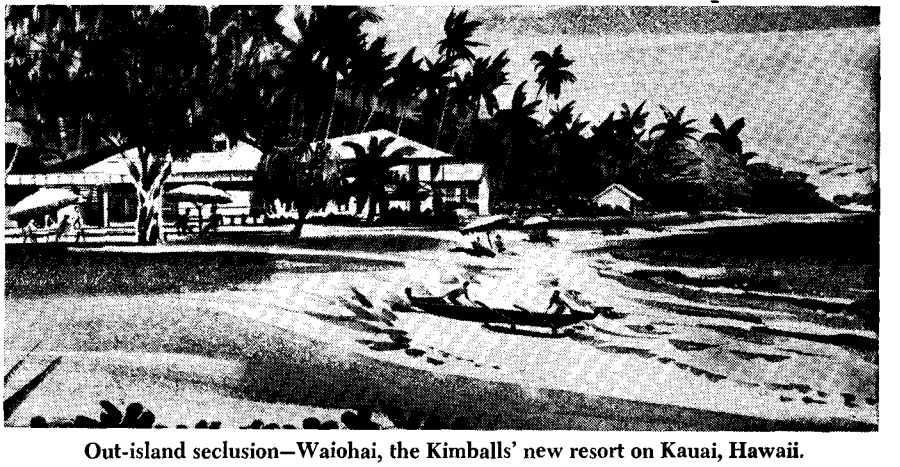
ON STILL sleepy Kauai, where small drive-yourself cars are still only $35 a week, the year's most unusual resort opened this summer high above the Hanalei Valley on the site where scenes of Hollywood's version of South Pacific were shot. Its enterpreneur is Lyle Guslander, one-time manager of the Moana and the Surfrider Hotels on Waikiki. The first plans were drafted by Lyle Wheeler and John de Cure, the original set designers for "South Pacific," who were hired by Guslander on the suggestion of a *Look* photographer who happened to be on the scene taking stills. Although Wheeler and de Cure were later replaced by Grace Buscher, Guslander's partner in the Coco Palms, another successful hotel where the South Pacific company stayed during the filming, the sure hand of Hollywood is everywhere. Guests are conducted to their cottage rooms by an electric railway that looks like a small size San Francisco cable car. They can descend to the beach on foot or take a self-service incline railway car down the side of a ravine. At the bottom, small outrigger canoes wait to cross the mouth of the Hanalei River, which threads its way through the gorgeous valley where taro, rice, and cotton grow side by side.

The rooms have nine-foot canopy-covered beds, and despite the Limoges washstands with their figured brass fixtures, they maintain an air of sumptuous Polynesia as if the setting for Mme. Pompadour had been relaid in Pago Pago. Japanese slippers and parasols are provided for each guest and every room comes with a coffeepot and an ice box. The corners are glass and the views sweep off to the valley and to the sea, with its four miles of beach.

Guests dine in a white salon under the brilliance of a Czech chandelier serenaded by a handsome Hawaiian chanteur accompanied by two enormous poi-packed ladies, both of them the daughters of the famous Hawaiian entertainer Jacob Maka. Table service stops when the whole staff gathers about the trio to sing "Old Plantation," a nostalgic bit of musical Hawaiiana. Over two-dollar mai-tais guests gather in the House of Happy Talk, one of the world's most decorous bars, a circular Chinese pagoda-style house imported from Hong Kong with a 300-degree view of valley and sea.

Guslander, who has sold or mortgaged his other hotels in Hawaii (King Kamehameha, Coco Palms, and Maui Palms) to build his Hanalei Plantation, bought the property, equally admired by him and by Twentieth Century Fox, for a cool $110,000. He is paying this to Miranda Berkemeyer, the original owner, over a period of thirty years, but the terms of the sale state that, should she die, payments will cease and he will own the tract outright. Miranda, who is in her late sixties, has flown off to Paris where she is reported to be having a high old time, never failing to write Guslander each month when his check comes in to thank him for making it all possible.

—HORACE SUTTON.



Out-island seclusion—Waiohai, the Kimballs' new resort on Kauai, Hawaii.

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MUST MONUMENTS BE MONUMENTAL?

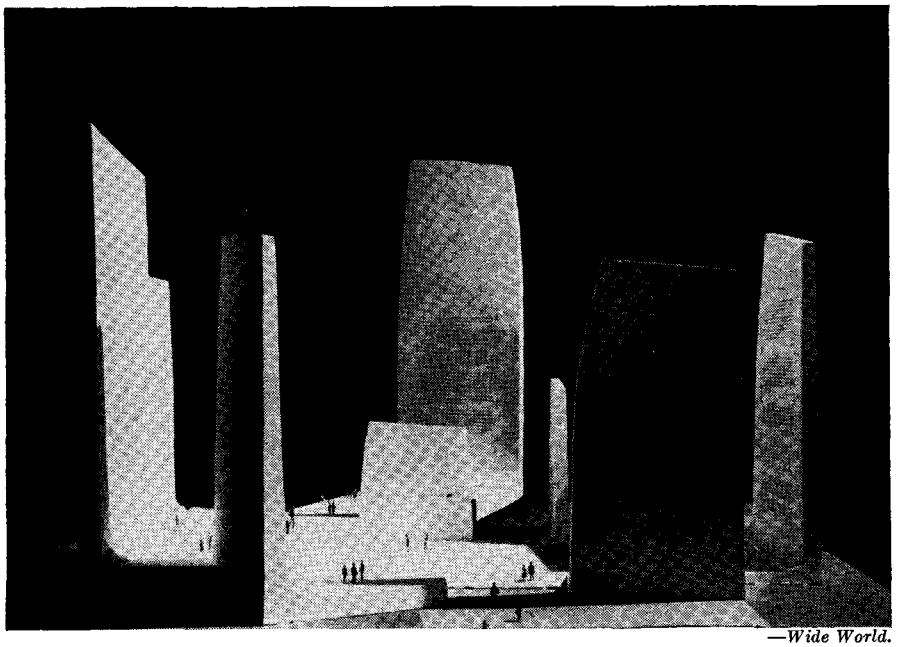
I STILL remember the poignancy of an unexpected encounter I experienced in Chartres several years ago. Having just arrived there, I was, of course, headed straight for the cathedral when I came upon an arresting though small monument seemingly growing out of the earth. Merely a truncated arm with hand holding a broken sword and accompanied by a dedication to the memory of a particularly brave leader of the French Resistance, it made me pause and begin to wonder why monuments must be so monumental. For here was a commemoration of valor that made itself felt without pompous pedestal, gaudy gilt, or imposing setting. In brief, it told a moving story without the deadly conventions we habitually associate with the valiant dead. This strong arm, appropriately thrusting out of the land it had protected, was equipped only with the painful symbol of a broken sword, but communicated the spirit of the French Underground with an eloquence that the usual costly and pretentious monument might well have mocked.

If we in America are to continue investing large sums of money in architectural shrines dedicated to the memories of great individuals or events, it seems only sensible to turn these structures into more than purely ostentatious landmarks. Surely the time has come to be done with competitions and committees compromising on imitation Stonehenges, pagodas, peristyles, and colonnades. One need only compare two Italian monuments, the bombastic empty one to Victor Emmanuel in Rome and Michelangelo's ineffable Medici Chapel, to realize that it is wiser to depend on creative artists than showy dimensions.

AFTER all, were we to choose the greatest single memorial conceived during the present century, it very likely would not be made of stone, brick, concrete, or bronze, but of paint on canvas. I am thinking of Picasso's "Guernica," a composition dedicated to a small town wantonly destroyed during the Spanish Civil War. This, one of history's most bitter indictments of man's inhumanity to man, will undoubtedly preserve the name of an otherwise obscure village longer than could all the equestrian statues now punctuating American boulevards and parks. True, in Picasso's painting there is also a horse, or rather the head of a horse, tortured, twisted, contorted in agony. But how different from those conventional animals that nameless and numberless sculptors have modeled after the once great Mediterranean tradition of "horse and rider," a tradition that comes watered down to us through the Greeks, the Etruscans, the Romans, and finally through those superb Renaissance artists, Donatello and Verrocchio. Many experts today would agree that the outstanding modern American monument is a lofty New York office building designed by Mies van der Rohe and ironically dedicated to whiskey—in this case whiskey from the house of Seagram.

I suppose what I am really trying to say is that democratic methods are not always the ideal solution for public monuments. No matter how able the committee of selection, no matter how eager the contestants, the final choice from free competitions often results in nothing more than monumentality. Far better, it seems to me, would be one of two plans—either to select a great artist, preferably a man involved emotionally with the subject at hand, and give him free rein to make his memorial in any medium and in any way he finds most meaningful; or if for some reason specifications demand an architectural monument, then why indeed cannot this structure be at once esthetic *and* utilitarian?

Take, for example, the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Memorial about to be erected in Washington. It was chosen from a large competition by a distinguished panel of specialists. At present one can only judge from photographs, but even so it seems difficult to fathom why these towering steles, designed by William Pedersen and Bradford Tilney, have anything to do with Roosevelt despite their function as background for his engraved words. One scarcely needs eight concrete slabs 172 feet high to accomplish this end, for FDR's words have adequate grandeur without undue aggrandizement. In return for the considerable cost of this structure (well over $4,000,000) couldn't a more ingenious though still impressive solution have been found? We in America might even have pioneered in design, as Roosevelt did in government, to come up with a fresh idea of interest for the entire world, such as, let's say, a totally new kind of playground for children (possibly for crippled children) or a highly specialized reference library devoted to the Four Freedoms, or a modern public recreation building of some sort. Human dimension, when interpreted creatively, can be no less



—*Wide World.*

Model of Franklin Delano Roosevelt Memorial—Could a better solution have been found?

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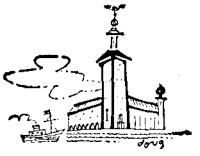
effective than magnified ones. The Sainte Chapelle in Paris, the Baptistry in Florence, the Erechtheum in Athens give ample proof of this.

Several of the many competing architects, some of them finalists, shared the idea that the Roosevelt monument should be more than visually impressive. One incorporated in his design plans for a national children's school; another, plans for a museum and a sculpture court. Perhaps the most interesting idea came from Joseph Wehrer and Harold Borkin, two young architects of Ann Arbor, who developed a non-static scheme involving an annual FDR award to be presented each spring from a specially designed podium with



a covered gallery nearby where an exhibition of the winner's work would be shown throughout the year. Thus, continued visits to the memorial would be assured, and even were the architecture to become dated, the awards and exhibitions might easily remain timely and related appropriately to Roosevelt's objectives.

When public memorials begin to encompass more than outworn symbols, exaggerated dimensions, or sheer novelty, we can perhaps hope for an improvement in the so-called art found in private cemeteries, an area so dismally mediocre as to make even the slightest advance cause for celebration.

—Katharine Kuh.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 945

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 945 will be found in the next issue.

AT CTKFWQN TPK NDNH-WNL AENWK QWKAPNL — AEZA WL Z FKNZANK HWKZYON.

QTOAZWKN.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 944

The world would be very dull if we didn't flatter ourselves occasionally. —Herbert Prochnow.

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

De Broca and Cassel

IT MAY seem like an old refrain, but we have another young Frenchman to cope with—a director, of course, twenty-seven years old, naturally, and, as you might suspect, dismayingly expert, knowledgeable, witty, and wise beyond his years. His name is Philippe de Broca; his first picture was "The Love Game," his second "The Joker," and his third "The Five Day Lover." In all three a young and accomplished actor, Jean-Pierre Cassel, plays variations on essentially the same theme, which, if anyone wants to take it seriously, can be defined as an exploration of contemporary Don Juanism. Cassel, in these movies, literally flits; one woman can't keep him still; like a bee that has partaken of nectar, on he goes. And more important than his search for a woman is the search for an opportunity to put himself on display again, for it is only a woman who can set off his gamut of charm, brilliance, and fantasy, which represent both the method and the goal. In the humdrum world he is at best a dilettante, at the worst a washout.

Cassel also serves as a catalyst for de Broca, allowing him to indulge at will in whimsy and fancy. Cassel, one feels, is absolutely necessary to these delightful films. A beautifully styled actor, a dancer with an extraordinary comic flair, he is an original, but by no means a clown. It is doubtful that he could have emerged if his country's tradition had not included the Comédie Française, Rene Clair, and the cafés of St. Germain des Pres. One shudders at the thought of his attending a French version of the humorless Actor's Studio; he would have been ruined. As it is, he romps his way through de Broca's films, the camera's movements synchronized to his own, and even backed up by a music score with the proper irreverence.

"The Love Game" was a charm-filled comedy about a young man whose sheer intelligence and awareness drove him delightfully mad, and his beguiling mistress, Genevieve Cluny. Good as it was, **"The Joker,"** just released by Lopert Pictures, is more original and imaginative, perhaps because de Broca decided to take a further step away from realism. Cassel, here, is again the young man who is ideologically incapable of taking life seriously. So he is a chaser, a *farceur* who builds an elaborate rigmarole of illusion around each of the women he pursues. Happening accidentally on Helene (Anouk Aimee), who is the pampered wife of a financier, she becomes for him the most beautiful of all, the unattainable who must be attained. Her husband's dulness is only relieved by his wealth. Soon enough she is persuaded by Cassel to meet his "family."

And what a family! It includes an elderly uncle (Palau) who benignly abets the unconventional doings of the household, a maid whom one can sleep with if the mood strikes, Cassel's former mistress (Genevieve Cluny), who is now married to his brother, several languid dogs, and two well-loved children, the offspring of his previous escapades. They give solemn concerts (Cassel's instrument is the bassoon) and for a living pose for photographs of historical personages. Helene is charmed, won, and with that the illusion is pierced, and to avoid depression on goes the love game. . . .

Continued in **"The Five Day Lover."**

Now Cassel, the same amused gleam in his eye, inhabits a cozy bachelor apartment, provided for him by the rich, luscious proprietress of a fashion house. To a showing one day comes her friend, a pretty young mother and wife. Almost at once the newcomer begins her regular afternoon visits to the bachelor quarters. For the sake of heightened illusion, each creates a believable falsehood. Cassel's visits to his regular mistress naturally lose their savor. A series of revelations occurs; distressing and comic; de Broca whips the situation into a froth, never lets it get too serious, and yet keeps a delicate, revealing irony veining through the farce.

Cassel is again superb, Micheline Presle is delightful as the career woman, and it is our own Jean Seberg who is revealed as the true "five day lover." Miss Seberg's problem in previous films has been self-consciousness. Here she seems to be ridding herself of this flaw, and while she was always noticeably pretty, this time, in de Broca's hands, she is a beauty. As her husband who knows but doesn't admit to himself that he knows, François Perier is gently humorous.

Taken each by each, the stories are undoubtedly slight, but all de Broca needs evidently is a framework—and Jean-Pierre Cassel. If he keeps it up he'll be the new master of sophisticated

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comedy, for he has that rare thing that is needed, something known as "the touch." It hardly needs mentioning that the scene of these confections is invariably Paris. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

Make It True

"WHAT our movies lack is truth, the simple truth about men and women," said playwright William Inge the other afternoon in the MGM commissary. Inge, a reddish, burly man with an amazingly quiet voice, is currently in Hollywood writing the screenplay for "All Fall Down," an adaptation of the James Leo Herlihy novel. It was his first experience working in a Hollywood studio, and his first attempt at an adaptation, although his second screenplay. (The earlier one, "Splendor in the Grass," an original written for Elia Kazan, will be released next month.) Unlike many visiting New Yorkers, Inge does not affect a disdain for Hollywood, the studios, the movies, or the swimming pools. In fact, his attitude reminded me sharply of an observation by actor Anthony Quinn on a recent David Susskind show: "You go to work for General Motors, you make General Motors cars; you go to work for Hollywood, you make Hollywood movies." Quinn was not being snide, merely practical.

The thing that Mr. Inge was trying to sort out was why today's movies are so much less exciting, or even entertaining, than they used to be. The walls of the commissary seemed to bear involuntary testimony to this fact. There were stills from such current and coming MGM attractions as "Ben-Hur," "King of Kings," "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and "Mutiny on the Bounty"—all remakes of earlier successes. Inge, a former film critic, eyed them with a grim smile. "It's as if the studios were going out of their way to avoid being contemporary, or to have anything to do with life today," he said. "I think that's why the Europeans are so much more stimulating. They dare to deal with real people, and with what's going on now. I don't say that films like 'L'Avventura' and 'Rocco and His Brothers' are great fun —and I do believe that movies and the theatre should both be entertaining—but at least when you leave them, you know you've had an experience. I can't think of a single Hollywood picture you could say that of in the last six months.

"Part of the reason, of course, is the terrifying costs out here," Inge continued. "When a picture costs milloins of dollars, a studio can't afford to take too many risks, or become terribly controversial, or say something that might conceivably be unpopular with some segment of the population. Sooner or later, some way will have to be found to make pictures less expensive, the way they are in Europe. Then, too, there is this pathetic reliance on a handful of stars—stars who are supposed to bring in great quantities of customers. They don't, you know, as picture after picture has proved. But the assumption remains, and scripts are written and rewritten until they satisfy the star's image of himself, or give him what he conceives to be his fair share of the good lines." We spoke of one MGM script, "Lady L," that had been revised no less than six times—by such writers as Romain Gary, Robert Anderson, and S. N. Behrman—before finally being shelved. No version was mutually acceptable to the stars, Tony Curtis and Gina Lollobrigida, and director George Cukor. "I think it's symptomatic," Inge said, "that out here the writer is still relatively the lowest paid and least regarded of the creative people who work on a picture."

Even so, Inge was sanguine about "All Fall Down." He has confidence in its producer, John Houseman, and in its director, young John Frankenheimer. He had read and admired the novel before being asked to work on it, and feels that the casting—Eva Marie Saint, Warren Beatty, Karl Malden, Angela Lansbury—could hardly be bettered. In addition, more than two weeks had been set aside for pre-production rehearsals. "It's good to be working with people who care," Inge asserted. "Yes, there's a lot in movies that you can't

do—taboos written and unwritten that must be observed, the difficulty of creating characters with subtlety and nuance. But at least in this picture, we're *trying* for truth, and that's the important thing."

Above all else, it is the lack of any semblance of truth that vitiates a picture like "**Ada,**" a movie that pretends to contemporaneity and significance by exposing the crooked politics of an unnamed Southern state. Dean Martin is a guitar-strumming Governor-elect, the innocent tool of political boss Wilfrid Hyde White; and Susan Hayward plays the ambitious trollop he marries on the way up. When Miss Hayward takes over the Governor's chair to push through reform measures in defiance of White, the imagination boggles—and so does the movie. The only truth about "Ada" is that no one connected with its production could possibly have believed a minute of it. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Sun Shines West

IT IS a well-kept secret that the current epidemic of Shakespeare Festivalitis first struck America twenty-six years ago on the West Coast. True, the festivals there began as amateur productions, but there has been a recent inclination toward professionalizing them, with the happy result that the three plays now at the Old Globe Theatre in San Diego's Balboa Park constitute the best of all this summer's Shakespeare seances.

First of all, there is the greatest of all modern Shylocks, Morris Carnovsky, giving in an intimate theatre the fine performance he created initially on Stratford, Connecticut's opera-sized stage (see *SR*, July 27, 1957). Then, too, it offers Douglas Watson as a fully involved and exultant Richard III, who pulls off the only completely successful wooing of Anne in recent memory. Director Allen Fletcher has staged this scene in such a way that Anne is made the physical prisoner of Richard before he commences, a good idea when you are proposing to the widow of a man you have recently murdered. Mr. Watson and Ludi Claire turn the scene into a fascinating match in which each hits the other with no holds barred. This Richard really earns his victory, and his jubilance here as throughout the play suggests a man who revels less in crafty plotting than in the exercising of the fullest and most exciting possibilities of the present moment.

But topping even these superb portrayals is the festival's third production, "**Twelfth Night.**" Director William Ball has staged the comedy freshly and with a sensitivity to the degree of tomfoolery that can be employed without making it all seem unreal. Jacqueline Brookes plays Viola with a gauche charm, letting the fun flow from her embarrassment at the possibility that her boy's disguise will be uncovered, and filling the exchanges between her and Douglas Watson (an excellent Orsino) with high-voltage responsiveness. Morris Carnovsky gives us a Malvolio who is not a useless fop, but a hard-working servant who gets carried away first of all with his position in the household and then with the chance of wealth and title. Philip Hanson is a droll and sympathetic Aguecheek. And the accomplished Clayton Corzatte sings so pleasantly as Feste that one suspects he will soon be abandoning Shakespeare for the leading role in a Broadway musical. The delight of this "Twefth Night" can be summed up in the moment at the end of the play when Viola turns to Olivia and says, "A sister; you are she." In Miss Brookes's mouth the line dances a dozen ways at once, as if she had suddenly gone from naïveté to sophistication without losing a jot of her enthusiasm.

AT ASHLAND, the Oregon Shakespearean Festival is also having a splendid year. Despite a less professional and less illustrious cast, its "**Midsummer Night's Dream,**" staged by B. Iden-Payne, is beautifully spoken and Shakespeare's mechanicals are funny without becoming plain silly as they so often do. And Rod Alexander as Bottom, in an ass's head complete with a movable jaw and pop-up ears, is thoroughly entertaining. But local theatregoers are most excited about "Hamlet" as staged by Robert Loper. Richard D. Risso, who plays the angry young prince, is a short quick actor and his Hamlet contains no self-pity nor is it sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought. He speaks and moves in short if not always meaningful bursts that give him an arresting volatility.

The surprise of this production, however, is Monte Markham's portrayal of Horatio, which makes this character seem vitally important to the play instead of just an actor waiting to say "Goodnight." He is, if you will, *our* healthy representative in a hopelessly decayed court, and all of Hamlet's antics appear to be for the purpose of handing Denmark on to Horatio for a new deal. Elise Hunt seems a well-bred Ophelia, rueful before her time, and the rest of the characters are more appropriately cast and played than is the case in most productions of "Hamlet." These and the other three plays in the festival are well attended and prove that the best young graduates of our country's drama schools can speak and act Shakespeare with a uniform excellence rarely achieved by the mixtures of stars and non-classically trained professionals one finds elsewhere.

The question now facing the Oregon Festival is whether to become more professional by hiring ten Equity actors, rather than continue to use recent drama school graduates and teachers in leading roles. Would this achieve any better results within the Festival's proudly sustained tradition of playing the plays as close as possible to the way they are believed to have been performed in Shakespeare's day? And wouldn't it eliminate the valuable opportunity this festival now affords promising young actors who can make Ashland an important intermediate step in their careers? If improvement is desired, might it not be better achieved by doing three plays instead of the present five so that more money and care could be lavished on each and so that the heretical notion of relating the stage action to contemporary life, as Mr. Markham does, could be more fully explored?

—HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PROS INTO PROSE

Big-league baseball players and managers occasionally reminisce or otherwise sound off in books. Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, has selected the names of ten who have so done and asks you to assign the right player to the right title. Time is called on page 48.

1. Bob Feller	( ) "My Own Particular Screwball"
2. Al Schacht	( ) "My Thirty Years in Baseball"
3. Willie Mays	( ) "Baseball Is a Funny Game"
4. Jim Brosnan	( ) "It's Good to Be Alive"
5. Leo Durocher	( ) "Wait Till Next Year"
6. Joe Garagiola	( ) "The Dodgers and Me"
7. Lawrence Berra	( ) "Born to Play Ball"
8. John J. McGraw	( ) "Strikeout Story"
9. Roy Campanella	( ) "The Long Season"
10. Jackie Robinson	( ) "Yogi"

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bing Fires the Public

NEVER in the history of all the Augusts in which there has been a Metropolitan Opera—and since 1883 there have been more than seventy-five of them—has the institution received so much publicity, almost all of it bad. Typically a time of tranquility, when executives and staff are finishing off whatever is the opposite of hibernation, when the house lights are dim and the work lights on stage are alight with the preparations for a new season, August, 1961, has seen a rising tide of public furor, with the management's economic foot in its artistic mouth, its hands seemingly tied by an intractable union demand, and the prognosis "Show Business Is No Business" set forth as the management's new interpretation of how to keep faith with the American public.

For, in all the back and forth of charges and countercharges about who works when for how much, in the only opera theatre in America that can be considered national, one thing has been overlooked. Whenever the theatre has needed friends to keep open, it has looked for them far and wide across the nation, conducting campaigns which have, since 1932, raised millions. When it has looked for authority to keep closed, it has found that in a small group of persons taking counsel with each other, and deciding that in their interests, if no others, 1961-62 should be "given a miss." The mere fact that the radio public provided $327,000 (the largest income from any single source) of the million dollars raised in 1940 to take title to the theatre and permit the board of the Metropolitan Opera Association to perpetuate itself until the present has been given less than scant consideration in the policy-making faction—it has been ignored. Mrs. Eleanor Belmont, bless her, was firmly pro-season.

However, the time when organs of opinions or modes of thought can be throttled by edict is, fortunately, passed. The press of New York, embattled though it was with a Board of Education crisis, a hot Mayoralty campaign and the East-West confrontation in Berlin, recognized the implications of saying a thing was impossible two months before it was scheduled to happen, and spoke its piece in unmistakable terms (see box). The excuse that "artists had made commitments elsewhere" was exhibited as the fallacy that it was by those best in a position to state the case—the artists themselves. The question then arose: Was there a will for a season or was there a will for no season?

At the moment this is being written the issue is still officially unresolved (though my previously printed opinion remains unaltered). Taking the path of fantasy, let us assume that the "No season" edict remains unaltered, and accept as docilely as Rudolf Bing and his board of directors hoped we would the principle "Father knows best, and don't ask why." This, according to the pronouncements made at the "cancellation" session (as though an opera operation involving millions in money, the life of the country as well as the community, and the livelihood of upwards of 700 people were a four-cent piece of paper to be stamped "No good for 61") and thereafter, when "negotiations were broken off," was as follows:

a) The unions would petition for the right to work in 1962, after *not* working in 1961; they would sign on terms agreeable to the management so that plans could promptly be initiated for a "glamourous" (the word was Mr. Bing's) 1962 season after everybody had had a good rest and returned to work refreshed, with morale high.

b) While the hundreds were unemployed, the members of the administration (twenty-seven was a specified number) would continue to draw salaries, drink tea at five, and plan plan plan for the "glamourous" 1962 season. Perhaps, if the unions were good, and didn't cause further trouble, they would be taken on a spring tour of the Far East (Japan in cherry blossom time, rather than Washington). All that is, save the nasty musicians, who, because they had caused all the trouble in the first place, would be left home, without so much as a rice cookie to gnaw on.

c) In order to accomplish these ends, $400,000 would have to be raised somehow to meet "overhead," existing fixed expenses, maintenance costs, etc. Assuming that a portion of the persons made jobless by the cancellation could find other employment, a considerable portion might seek unemployment compensation or work relief. Five hundred people at $40 a week would cost the state and community $20,000 a week. For a six months' period this would amount to close on half a million dollars. Together, then, it would cost nearly $1,000,000 to keep the theatre *closed*. This is unquestionably the most expensive plan of non-operation yet devised—around $3,000 a day to keep New York and the nation from listening to opera.

d) If, perchance, the public found

(*Continued on page* 34)

The Press Rates the Met

New York Herald Tribune (article by Ronald Eyer), Sunday, August 20, 1961: "Balderdash, Mr. Bing! It seemed evident *early in the spring that management was contemplating no season in 1961-62.*"

New York Times (editorial), Saturday, August 19, 1961: "With the musicians continuing to be conciliatory, the *management cannot be allowed to flout public wishes so high-handedly.*"

New York Post (editorial), Saturday, August 19, 1961: "Has the Metropolitan Opera's management been staging a kind of vaudeville show as part of New York's summer festival? When it suddenly broke off negotiations with the Musicians' Union on Thursday and announced coldly that the 1961-62 season was 'no longer a possibility' it queered its own act. . . . The president of Local 802 has a good point, regardless of how the hassle finally ends. *The time has come for a complete change in the way the opera is run,* so that it will be more responsive to the public. This is a challenge the city should take up."

New York Journal-American (editorial), Saturday, August 19, 1961: "The announcement that all efforts to save the Metropolitan Opera's 1961-62 season have failed heralds *a tragedy that must not be permitted to occur.*"

New York Herald-Tribune (editorial), Friday, August 18, 1961: "The Metropolitan Opera is too valuable to lose, even for a season. *If it cannot save itself, others must.*"

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Bibliography of Centennial Books

A Selected List of Recent and Forthcoming Titles

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THE CIVIL WAR DIARY OF CAPTAIN J. J. WOMACK. By J. J. Womack. Womack Printing Co., McMinnville, Tenn. $2

THE CIVIL WAR DIGEST. Edited by Ralph G. Newman and E. B. Long (new enlarged edition of "The Civil War"). Grosset & Dunlap. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback. $1.95.

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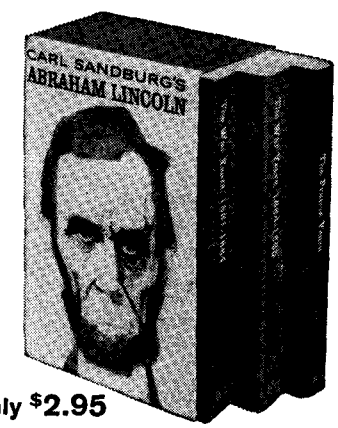

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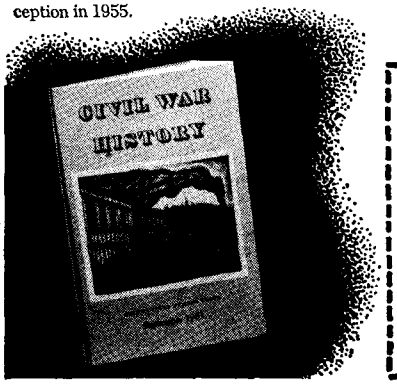

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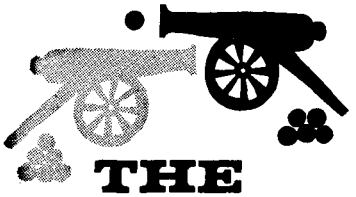

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 30

this state of affairs too closely kin to "Alice in Wonderland" for credence, all could be soothed by engaging public relations counsel (which will not be identified here because it is undeserving of a free plug) to tell "the Met side of the story." Without opera, the Met has no "story." Without a season, it has no "side." And it can hardly have public relations with a public with whom it has broken off relations.

In his time, and some of it has been brilliant, Rudolf Bing has put on opera, and put off some singers. He has "fired," as the headline technique describes it, various artists for various reasons, some good, some not, but most of them impetious. A season ago, he barred the press from dress rehearsals, because it annoyed the artists. At the time, it was suggested that perhaps he should bar the press from the performances too. Now he has raised that hand by firing the public, barring everybody from performances, and decreeing that the theatre should be dark.

It is hard to tell which is more preposterous—the Bing Plan for No Opera in 1961, or the Bing Plan for Planning Opera for 1962.

Gentlemen, the picket line forms at the left (naturally). Perhaps if we are all well behaved and do not stone the Opera House, Mr. Bing will come out and serve us tea on cold days.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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ARTICLE: Thinking as a Chain Reaction

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

AMERICA TOMORROW: THE RESOURCES OF GREATNESS

AMONG the animals of earth, only man can dream. Other species laugh and cry, love, rage, and kill. Man alone has the power to imagine tomorrow. It is a conjuring trick that projects him often into loneliness, for he sees nothing ahead except his own inventions. Yet this elusive future-seeking emanation of the self, which lives precisely as long and no whit longer than he, is the sole resource that any man can give to the race that gave him his wisp of dream and his instant of time to cross.

What are we going to do with this bewitching gift that only we possess? Use it to spin our own particular and private tomorrows in the image of our todays, merely because the pattern is familiar and easy to repeat? Or have we by now acquired the wisdom and courage required to consciously guide the evolution of *Homo sapiens* in harmony with the evolving environment of the planet-wetnurse of the species?

Here is the true focus of the ideological struggle between socialism, which in its extremist form of domination by the state apparatus has come to be called Communism, and the Democracy of a representative republic. It is Communism's willingness, indeed its eagerness, to plan an expansive future that appeals to people who have only the future to look to. Scientists understand this instinctively, for the work of science consists almost entirely of being curious and of finding ways to new discovery in the future.

Awareness that democratically inspired tomorrows will stop Communism more effectively than military confrontations in Berlin or political repulsion of Red China in the United Nations was explicit in geneticist Hermann J. Muller's plea for biological planning at the Darwin Centennial Symposium of the University of Chicago in Thanksgiving week of 1959. Reverberations of Muller's challenge filled the summer 1961 issue of *Daedalus*, journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. In the midst of August 1961 still wider echoes could be heard at The Little Harbor Farm, Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, where the National Academy of Sciences, official adviser to Presidents and to the Congress, was engaged in the most sweeping inquiry NAS has undertaken since Abraham Lincoln created it a century ago.

Assembled at the request of President John F. Kennedy's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, Professor Jerome B. Wiesner, a distinguished company of Academicians personally chaired by the Academy's president, Dr. Detlev Bronk, has been meeting intermittently since April in a grand survey of the resources of American greatness. This already learned company (its members are identified in the box on page 36) is further educating itself through seminars addressed by experts in the four natural elements that Aristotle rightly named as man's inseparable companions in the cosmos: earth, air, water and fire.

AT first the orientation was directed from the environment toward man — that is, to consideration of what this nation's natural resources are, how they are used in support of human life, and how different use might beautify man's existence. As the deliberations proceeded, however, the discussion turned upon itself and pointed from man to his environment. What changes is he working in the delicate balance of living things on which his survival depends? What changes might make him a happier being? How many of these alterations is he willing to bring about? How many does he really understand? Where his comprehension falls short of moving him to act, what appeals can reach and invoke him to think in dimensions far beyond himself?

THESE pivotal questions will have to be dealt with in the end by another constellation of resource analysts—this one headed by Dr. Harrison Brown, of California Institute of Technology: a panel of the Federal Council for Science and Technology, the sub-Cabinet-level organism of government charged with responsibility for meshing science and social problems in everyday politics.

Dr. Brown's panel ultimately will recommend priorities for official action on the findings of the NAS inquiry. The findings first will be published by the NAS in preliminary reports, the initial one due within a year. But already a determination is taking shape among the NAS committeemen to urge a permanent ecological agency within the government on the general design proposed by Dr. F. Raymond Fosberg in the 14 November 1959 issue of SR/Research. Dr. Fosberg pointed out that from the evolutionary point of view, there are only two types of species: one that maintains itself in equilibrium with other living things about it, and another that destroys its environment for the sake of its own perpetuation. Man has been behaving like the second type. He is doomed to extinction if he cannot be persuaded of his dependence on an intricate life process and his need to respect and protect that process at every step in order to deserve its respect and protection.

Obviously, the universities have a crucial role to play in preparing the young to accept this old-fashioned idea, which modern man, in an arrogant supposition that nature could be ordered

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to meet his whims, has all but abandoned. Compared to spectacular stunts like races to the moon, conservation of natural resources has no glamor, especially not in a society that discourages personal thrift. Almost a new breed of being is called for, for the planet has shrunk so visibly that long range goals must be planned for the whole country in relation to the whole globe.

There is, fortunately, one accepted meeting place in the nation for discussion of natural resources in both immediate and long range terms. That place is the Department of Interior. Created more than a decade before the NAS, in response to the California gold rush, Interior often has been called the Department of the West. On the Department seal a buffalo stands against the setting sun. Thus the person who approaches Interior with a problem is by definition approaching tomorrow.

The Department began by making a geological survey of the rocks of the earth's crust. When mineral ores were found in the rocks, it was Interior's job to regulate their exploitation. When vast stretches of the public lands which then were thrown open to settlement (the public still owns a third of all the acreage in the country, and all of that is managed by Interior) were found too arid to bear crops, Interior took on the task of irrigating the deserts. To be useful for irrigation, water must be stored. Interior stored it behind huge dams whose penstocks generated a kind of fire that had not yet been tamed in Aristotle's time—electric power. Some of the power was put to work to draw nitrogen from the air to make fertilizers to replenish the land. Two other kinds of fire were found buried in the rocks, packaged as coal and uranium; Interior helped to market them. If a fourth fire —the subterranean one that causes hot springs to bubble and geysers to spout—is ever tapped in the national parks, Interior will tap it. Until then, the parks exist in Interior's care as a showcase for the most precious of all resources: the human instinct for beauty, for form, and for curiosity.

After twenty years of neglect, ten due to war and ten to the Republican Party's traditional distaste for regulation of the common resource pool, the Department of Interior is enjoying a renaissance under the Kennedy Administration. On advice of Presidential Assistant Wiesner, Secretary Stewart L. Udall has brought in, as the first Science Adviser in the Department's history, Dr. Roger Revelle, director of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography of the University of California. Excused from the chores of a line officer's responsibility, Dr. Revelle is free to acquaint himself with the research projects and potentialities of Interior's various bureaus and agencies. A tall, broad-shouldered, tirelessly genial and ruggedly handsome man, he is ideal for the assignment. Too big to be intimidated, too intelligent to be bluffed for very long, he has made no effort to take command of the situation. His one purpose is to open communication lines among Interior's scientists, and between them and Secretary Udall. As bureaucrats concerned have come to understand that communication means the Science Adviser's support for scientific items in the budget, the communicating process has speeded up.

ONE item that has gone into the Interior budget since Dr. Revelle's arrival in Secretary Udall's office is a half million dollar deficiency appropriation to cover the costs of the NAS survey of natural resources. The new Science Adviser has argued the case for the NAS study before the appropriate committees of the Congress on Secretary Udall's behalf. Dr. Revelle's position uniquely qualifies him for the expository role. He not only sits on the NAS committee himself, but he represents Interior on the Federal Council for Science and Technology to which Dr. Harrison Brown's priority panel is responsible.

How he presented to the Congressmen the resource picture sketched by the NAS committee up to the date of his testimony is not yet a matter of public record. What follows might be a reasonable facsimile.

► *Water.* The clouds pour it down on the continental United States at the rate of 1,100 billion gallons a day. But this constantly freshened supply fluctuates wildly from year to year, and the pattern of its distribution over the country is even wilder. The mountains of the Northwest and the Southeast comb the rainstorms and so make of themselves islands of moisture while other regions are prey to water famine.

Two thirds of the rain that falls is quickly taken up again into the at-

The National Academy of Sciences Committee on Natural Resources

—*Rockefeller Institute*

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mosphere through transpiration from trees, plants, animals and ourselves and through evaporation from the soil and surfaces of lakes and streams. The remainder of the water is available to man—in rivers and in lakes and in reservoirs formed by the rocks underneath the ground.

About forty-six percent of this available water goes into irrigation of croplands, principally in the West. Sixty percent of that fraction is lost in one application, an expensive process justified by farmers who practice it on the ground that irrigated land grows three times the yield of non-irrigated land in a dry summer.

Industry uses the same amount of water as agriculture: about forty-six percent. Only nine percent of this fraction is lost because factories dump the water back into the creeks and rivers. What industry conserves in quantity is diminished in quality, however. Even the water that is used only for cooling (and this is eight-five percent of the factory intake) is returned so hot that it often stops bacterial decomposition of sewage in the streams. Where pollutants are added which must be destroyed by the oxygen in the water, the combined cargo of a stream becomes a public health menace.

The use that individual people make of water in their homes is remarkably small—merely eight percent of the available supply—but it is being pushed rapidly upward by the growing popularity of automatic washing machines, garbage grinders and air conditioners. And the detergents and insecticides that go into domestic water waste are among the stubbornest threats to health. These new manmade chemicals, impervious to attack by natural microorganisms, are finding their way from sewers into wells of drinking water.

—*Caltech*

Dr. Harrison Brown, California Institute of Technology biologist and chairman of the natural resources panel of the Federal Council for Science and Technology.

The problem would be critical enough without the population explosion. According to the Census Bureau, 180 million people now live in this country. By the year 2000 the number will be between 290 and 420 million. If present trends continue, seventy percent of the increase will inhabit large cities and most of those cities will be in the West. During the last decade nearly 9,000,000 people moved into seven western states (Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Texas and Utah) which were already short of water.

Taking the salt out of seawater is not the magical solution it has been blown up to be. It will alleviate the problem, but the cost of pumping the water over long distances to the areas that need it (whether the pumping be done from the sea or from the subterranean reservoirs of brackish water underlying the Great Plain between the Dakotas and Texas) will limit the effect. Greater promise lies in new scientific methods of slowing down the tremendous loss of water from evapotranspiration in surface lakes and irrigation ditches. Thin films of chemical cover may do it. Climate control is a possibility about which no one understands enough to initiate specific experiments. The prospect therefore is that except for the Northwest and the Southeast, which have plenty of water to support prosperous growth, some intelligent compromising will have to be done. The West probably must choose between more irrigation lands and further urban-industrial development. There is not enough water for both. The East is better off, but it, too, will have to decide between (a) urban settlement of fertile farmland and of flood plains suitable for water storage reservoirs and (b) gradual disappearance of the means of feeding a rapidly expanding population.

In spite of all the foregoing, the United States is blessed with a generous water supply in comparison with many other countries. Since water rights are traditionally a subject of bitter and prolonged dispute in America, the planning of future water use requires more than anything else a cooperative effort on the part of very large numbers of people. Evidence of such a spirit of sharing might make a profoundly favorable impression on the water-starved populations of, say, India and Pakistan.

► *Fire.* Whereas Aristotle knew it in only one form, modern science thinks of it as many different varieties of energy: energy from the sun, from the

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winds, from rain flowing to a waterfall, from tides in the sea, from the heat of volcanoes, perhaps from the gradients in electrical currents flowing through the air high above the earth, certainly from coal and oil and radioactive rocks underfoot.

America has no shortage of energy to fear. The oil supply will pass its peak in 1970, but gasification may revive coal for a long time after that. Anyhow, atomic energy, though not yet economical today, is ready to take over the load when necessary. More poetic, and at the same time more practical to underdeveloped countries, is the prospect of catching power directly from the sun, as growing plants do. We don't need this kind of power, but many poor peoples dream of it. It might be worthwhile for us to be dreamier than they.

Since making his pitch to Congress for the NAS appropriation, Dr. Revelle has taken part in a third deliberation of the NAS committee. The subject was the renewable resources of living things. Some of the living things discussed are not as readily renewable now as they were; careless use of pesticides is killing them off. Furthermore, man's own need for periods of relaxation is being thwarted by encroachment of urban dwellings on the homes of these creatures: the forests, the parks, and the wildlands. That man must learn to share nature's bounty was thus once again restated; that America's share of easily exploitable minerals is declining is a fact that the NAS surveyors will examine in September. Later, the resources of the atmosphere, and the extent to which they have been eroded by smog and radioactive wastes, will be explored. The following step in the inquiry has not yet been determined. Whatever it turns out to be, it can hardly lessen the conviction that America is no longer able to afford the philosophy of every man for himself, with the hindmost going to the devil. Under that philosophy, the devil's share now would be the children and their children's children.

It would be truly tragic if, after chasing the Russians to the moon, we should obstinately refuse to plan for a future here on earth because planning is a tenet of Soviet philosophy. Yet provocation for such a blunder exists. The National Academy of Sciences of the United States (which can act only by invitation) is six years behind the Academy of Sciences of the USSR in the current approach to resoures. On 11 March 1955 the Soviet Academy resolved that "a steadily growing national economy" required the formation within itself of a Commission for the Conservation of Natural Resources.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

ALL BOLLED UP

Is the Story of Cotton

COTTON is one of the world's great mysteries — particularly South American cotton. Cotton did not enter the Mediterranean until the fifth century B.C. The first authentic proof of its use in Egypt is in 370 B.C. Before this it had been known to the Assyrians as "tree wool," but the Babylonian and early Greek names disclose an Indus origin. This is confirmed by the discovery at Mohenjo-Daro (2500 to 1500 B.C.) of a cultivated species for which there has never been found an Indus Valley wild species. Yet its precursors, in the wild state, are found in Africa and southern Arabia. Here the question arises: Was the cultivated cotton taken from the Arabian Peninsula into the Indus Valley long before 2500 B.C.? But, when we turn to the South American cotton, we are confronted with a natural legerdemain which completely baffles the plant detectives. There, in Peruvian graves which, with all the imperfections of dating, cannot be younger than 2000 B.C., have survived beautifully woven fabrics from cotton fibers of highly advanced cultivation. But—and this is the snarl in the skein of cotton—there is every reason to believe that this was cotton of Asian origin—cotton which in its basic form had gone from west to east (into America) and later, in its tetraploidal form (which means that its basic number of chromosomes had been doubled), had recrossed the Pacific into Asia. This reverse lend-lease is bewildering, yet, one gathers from the experts, inescapable. But how?

The glib answer could be: "Birds." Apart, however, from the distances involved, birds do not eat *Gossypium* seeds—seeds of cotton. Nor could the winds have carried them over 3,000 miles, The other strange possibility, which exceeds even the imaginations of Heyerdahl's *Kon-Tiki*, with its raft settlement of Polynesia by South American Indians, is that some ancestral men migrated from Asia into South America with the elementary form of cotton and then, many thousands of years later, other interhemispheric nomads moved back again to the Old World with the sophisticated tetraploidal form. It strains the imagination, but it is anybody's guess.

* * *

This raises the whole question of man's setttlement of the Western Hemisphere and, indeed, of the origins of the Americas. No one today lightly dismisses, as might have been done even a generation ago, the Wegener Theory of Continental Drift.

The Theory of Continental Drift, propounded by Professor Wegener in 1912, implies that the whole land mass of the earth was once coherent—a vast island—and that it broke up. The fragments became, as it were, rafts of sial (the uppermost layer of the earth's crust), floating on the heavier underlying sima (the basaltic layer).

If we fret out the outlines of the continents, we will find that some of them fit very neatly together, like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. For example, the bulge of Brazil fits with great exactness into the Gulf of Guinea in the continent of Africa. Fitting the North American continent back into Europe is not quite so simple. But Wegener insisted, with reasonable justification, that the breakup had been like that of an ice field, in which the floes would not only separate but would also be likely to swing. If one accepts that, then one might agree that the positions of the Spanish Peninsula and Newfoundland might have been sufficiently distorted to explain the difficulties of making them fit. In the Arctic, however, the Canadian archipelago, Greenland and Spitsbergen are all pretty consistent with the idea of land floes breaking up. Moreover, if one extends the Caledonian formation of the Scottish Grampians and of Wales, one finds a plausible conformity with the Appalachians in the United States.

IN the east and south the fitting together becomes even more intriguing. If Madagascar is tucked back closely to the continent of Africa, and we assume that Australia twisted away, the Australian Bight can be made consistent with the configurations of South Africa.

When we "tighten up" India, Indonesia and the rest, there is still a gap—a missing piece where the Indian Ocean is. If, however, one regards the Scotia Arc (the Falkland Islands and the South Shetland Islands), stretching from the tip of South America to Antarctica, as a hinge, then Antarctica can be swung into the gap.

—RITCHIE CALDER,
In "After The Seventh Day"
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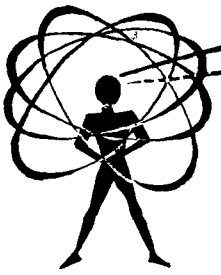
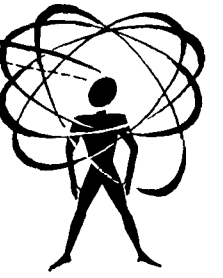


ON THINKING

As a Chain Reaction



By JOHN R. PLATT

MEN have been using fires for a long time, and everyone, even the most insulated apartment dweller, understands more or less the principles of laying a fire and lighting it and keeping it burning and preventing it from smoking. More recently we have achieved a second kind of controlled chain reaction, not running on chemical energy like the fire, but on nuclear energy. This kind is so expensive and so dangerous that the charming irregularity and haphazardness of the campfire has had to be eliminated. Elaborate physical and mathematical theories of operation have had to be developed and tested in the course of making sure that the nuclear fires, several different kinds of them, can be kept under control without going out or blowing up.

These theories are hardly everyday knowledge, but there are numerous fairly accurate popular accounts of what the important factors are: how at every step each neutron spark must produce more neutron sparks, with an average "reproduction factor," k, greater than 1.00; how some of the neutrons fly out and get lost from the reaction, reducing k; how some minimum critical size is necessary to keep these losses from being prohibitive, with a total k less than 1.00; how the thing blows up, exponentially, if the total k is greater than 1.00; and how control rods can be pushed in (or pulled out) to absorb more (or less) neutrons and keep k constant, under control, at a reduced (or increased) level of the reaction; and so on. The parallels with ordinary fires are interesting and physically quite exact.

It is amusing and, I believe, instructive to see that there are also physically exact parallels between these inanimate chain reactions and many biological systems. A plant or an animal is, among other things, a complex physiological chain-reaction, and many of its chemical processes and control and equilibrium problems can be described in chain-reaction language. A society is also a chain reaction, at several different levels of description.

In what follows, I would like to show how this analogy method can be used for a non-mathematical but close analysis of scientific research as a chain-reaction system. The results will be given in the form of observations and inferences, the inferences being derived from the observations directly or indirectly by making use of fire-building as the chain-reacting prototype and parallel. The observations are taken from science and science departments in American universities, but I believe they are still valid qualitatively, if not quantitatively, under the somewhat different conditions in governmental and industrial scientific laboratories and in the laboratories of other countries.

ON CRITICAL SIZE

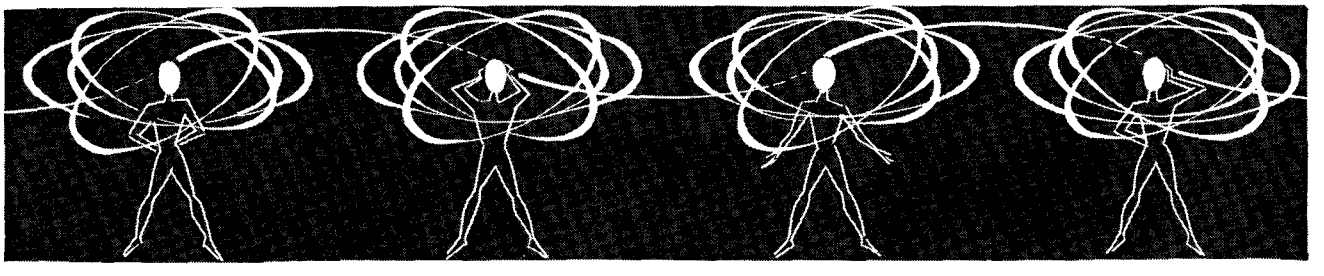
Observation: The minimum critical size for a natural-science department which includes several specialties is approximately fifteen staff members.

This is approximately the minimum size of the departments at the top ten or fifteen American universities where most of the work in mathematics, astronomy, physics and chemistry is produced. The best men rarely want to go to a smaller group, because of lack of stimulation and services. Although in each of these subjects, these ten or fifteen departments together have less than half the total science faculty of the country, this group of departments has an overwhelming majority of the university research facilities, of contracts and money, and of distinguished men of science. It publishes most of the research articles, edits almost all of the journals, and probably makes ninety-five per cent of university discoveries.

A group of fifteen good men in one department can produce many times as much research as the same group in five departments of three men each at five different universities. Even separation of a department into different but adjacent buildings may cause a considerable loss of research power. As for the effect of security barriers—!

The critical size for each department at each school would be much larger without the support given by the other departments and the scientific interests of the rest of the university. These act as a neutron reflector acts, or a "radiation shield" around a fire, in keeping up interest and reducing distractions. A small fire will catch spontaneously and keep burning longer in the close vicinity of a larger one.

It may be said by someone in a small department somewhere that this is an unfair comparison. That the big schools are good not because they are big, but because they get all the money and pay the big salaries and cut down teaching and clerical loads and so on. Partly true; but these are further indirect effects of exceeding the critical size. They are associated with buying rich fuel and giving it a forced draft to keep the reaction going. This is characteristic of an intellectual chain reaction. The acceleration in the chain is partly produced by the fact that the hottest reactants know how to build the fire up around themselves to keep it going hotly; that is, how to persuade administrations and government officials to adopt the best reaction conditions. To a certain extent it is the chain reaction of the fifteen men that produces these conditions as much as the conditions that



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produce the reaction. Cause and effect become indefinite.

At smaller schools many men nevertheless do research in spite of the greater difficulties. Often they can continue only because they were ignited early at one of the large centers. They can keep up the flame through reading or by occasional attendance at meetings, sharing in the general scientific glow of the nation.

Indifferent men who get into one of the big reaction centers often produce more than they would on the outside, just as wet wood dries and begins to burn near a hot fire.

INFERENCE: Research would advance faster if the small faculties of a nation could be combined into a few large ones. A few large hot fires burn more efficiently than many small marginal ones.

I am not necessarily recommending this policy. Faculties have other functions besides research (although some of these functions might also be done better in larger units). But I know of one or two middle-sized American cities, each with two or three denominational colleges and a city college and a technical school and a medical school, every one of these with a two-man or three-man physics department offering a dozen courses to a few students with totally inadequate equipment. If they could have combined their faculties, their funds and equipment and their students, they might have made a single very respectable department, with better equipment, and each man teaching his specialty and yet with a lighter teaching load and time for research.

If foundations and other donors would give bonus grants to get over the hurdles of tradition that block this kind of amalgamation of ineffective units, the process would take place quickly and enthusiastically, I believe, and would produce results far more important than the same money spent in direct support of research.

Rearrangements of this kind would have to be allowed some time to realize their full potentialities. Time is required to stabilize new reactor arrangements. Wet wood must be fed into a good fire slowly in order not to smother it. It would be even better if the few new fires can be organized around already flaming centers, as though we reignited old embers with a torch.

INFERENCE: Research cannot take hold in new centers without *mass* transfer of active personnel. If we try to build a second fire from a first one by lifting out one stick at a time, the stick may go out before the next stick comes to join it.

The research man goes with hope to the fine position at the small school. Then he slowly becomes exhausted and discouraged by the difficulty of getting apparatus, time, appreciation, or money from the legislature. Finally another younger enthusiast comes to join him —and the new man is dampened more by his predecessor, this well-meaning but gloomy realist, old before his time, than he would have been by all the other difficulties.

For the long-run vigor of the fire it is important to have a periodic supply of fresh kindling: not fifteen men at once to grow discouraged together and block all new appointments for a generation; nor one man every year to grow discouraged separately; but several men together every three or four years, to keep each other vigorous and to revitalize the old men's thoughts as well.

ON AIR SUPPLY

Observation: The reactants must have intellectual separation as well as intellectual contact. The logs must be close enough to keep each other hot but not so close as to choke off the draft.

Separation in time and in space. The individual reacts best when stimulated by currents from neighboring disciplines as well as those from his own, when left alone to work out a thought and then brought together with others again to exchange it. The fire must be stirred from time to time, though not constantly.

This is one of the reasons why universities are adopted so frequently as contractors by military and industrial research administrations. The use of an already existing scientific group is often more effective than the setting up of new separate laboratories, new research bureaus, and new research councils for new problems. Not only do the universities have a constant supply of young tinder to keep the logs glowing, but they offer random contacts of all kinds for all temperaments instead of the stacked organized logs and cold channels of some laboratories.

INFERENCE: Large intimate groups devoted to single limited projects are frequently less productive than if the same personnel were more diverse in their interests.

The diverse university structure has tended to propagate itself for centuries. The intellectual life does not thrive on monotony nor enjoy it. The universities have had generally greater productivity of new ideas than the narrower industrial laboratories in spite of the more regular hours, larger size and better financing of the latter.

ON LAYING THE FIRE

Observation: Research success is a highly non-linear function.

Doubling a man's available research time can more than double his output. One man may be thirty per cent better than another on an intelligence test but a thousand times more valuable. Doubling the distance between the logs in a fire may change the intensity by many powers of ten.

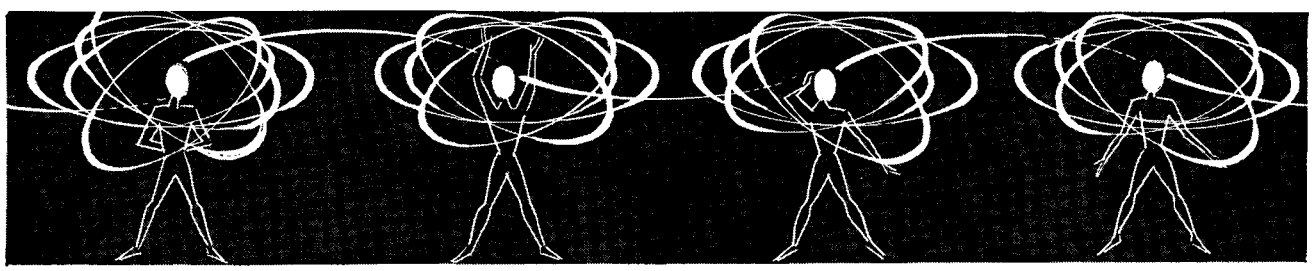
These are all consequences of the exponential dependence of a chain reaction on k.

INFERENCE: Research should not be directly administered by a committee. A committee has a hard time starting a fire especially if there are any difficulties, as anyone realizes who has ever experienced it. One man wants to blow on it, one to separate the twigs more, one to make them finer, one to wait for it to catch. There is no patience or subtlety to watch for the little cues that show it is being nursed in the right direction.

INFERENCE: A good administrator is more precious than uranium, and he must be given a free hand. He develops a "feeling" for the fire, and intuitive rules of thumb and artistic touches that he cannot justify but which work for him.

ON REACTION TIME

Observation: The national interaction time of ideas is of the order of a few weeks or months. This is of the order



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of the time that an intelligent adult can enjoy working on a difficult problem independently, without rest or further stimulation. Then he needs to communicate and interact.

This time corresponds to the delayed-reaction-time which is so important in a chain reaction; or to the time constant for heating and cooling the reactants in a fire, which makes the difference between the quick heat of the gas fire and the slow-catching but long-burning heat of coal.

One of the main advantages of the large research group is in replacing to some extent the national interaction time by a group interaction time, which may be of the order of days or hours, permitting the much more rapid elimination of bad ideas and multiplication of good ones.

INFERENCE: Accessible research meetings in each field should be held two or three times a year.

INFERENCE: Research men should be sent to meetings in their own field two or three times a year. The cost of travel is negligible compared to the increased productivity produced by the interchange. This principle is well understood in business and industry, but not in university and government contracts; it is not the supervisor who needs his way paid to two meetings a year, but his idea men.

INFERENCE: Research people should publish several times a year. Research without publication is no research. It is no contribution to the chain reaction process. The man who delays much longer than this goes stale or loses his grasp on what he did earlier.

It is no accident that these frequencies agree well with current practice in the fastest-developing fields, and are close enough to the optimum that there are occasional complaints today in some parts of physics and chemistry that there are too many meetings.

INFERENCE: The research productivity of a nation might be increased by a factor of two or more by cutting publication time and indexing time in the journals to a few weeks or less.

When publication time is longer than this, it becomes the limiting factor on the reaction time constant, since meetings are only a partial method of communication. The reaction-time with present indexing practices is frequently over a year. In a crowded field, publication without indexing is no publication at all, and the publication is void until indexing is complete.

This is why physicists working today on the most advanced problems communicate principally by telephone or face-to-face on frequent trips. Casual survey indicates that most university physicists read less than one article per month in a major journal of record. Any results of importance have been known among the knowing perhaps as much as eighteen months earlier. This is unfortunate because there are many good brains outside these "in-groups" of fifty people or so, in other laboratories and other countries, who might make important contributions or criticisms if they were also brought into the fast-communication channels.

ON FUEL

Observation: The number of potential scientists is very small and it is important to find them and make sure that their talents are not wasted.

The current number of American astronomers is around 1000; physicists, 10,000; chemists, 100,000, in round numbers. About one-tenth of these in each field produce almost all of the creative research and publications, Recent studies on manpower and intelligence suggest that these figures could not be more than double if all potential male students of these physical-science fields actually entered them.

Translated into birth-rate, these studies would mean that for a population of 200 million, perhaps only about twenty children born per year are likely to become creative research astronomers; 200 likely to go into physics; 2000 likely to go into chemistry. It is these few who can invent radar or nylon or DDT.

INFERENCE: Expenditure of millions of dollars per year is justified in finding and supporting and educating potential research scientists.

INFERENCE: The value of such researchers to the nation is tens of thousands of times greater in a research laboratory than in the army. Everyone knows the spectacular examples of World War II: radar, the proximity fuze, rockets, operations research against submarines, the atom bomb. There the military value of the ideas of a few dozen scientists to their respective nations was literally greater than the value of many infantry divisions.

INFERENCE: Research productivity could be doubled by educating brilliant girls for science and making scientific careers feasible for them.

ON THE FIREPLACE

Observation: Research must be sponsored and protected by an insulated agency.

The reaction needs a reaction vessel, the match must be held between cupped hands. The fire is most efficient in a fireplace or stove where it will not fall or be knocked apart.

INFERENCE: Research personnel must be shielded from non-intellectual duties.

INFERENCE: Personal research contracts and organization contracts must run for two or three years before critical review.

INFERENCE: Inquiries and official visits, explanations and justifications, must be rare and brief, limited by custom if not by statute.

INFERENCE: Research must be run by an insulated agency.

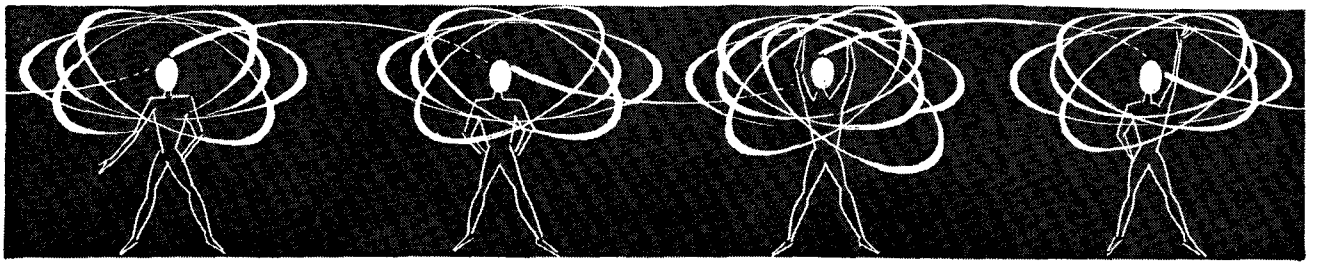
This is the central reason for the success of the basic civilian research programs of the Office of Naval Research and of the Atomic Energy Commission in the years just after World War II.

Compared to the post-war ONR, the National Science Foundation stands naked and exposed on a wind-swept political plain. In England, the strength and effectiveness of the universities and their research has been due in no small measure to the strength and independence of the University Grants Commission, which is provided with funds by Parliament but is above any political interference.

An insulated agency may not be a good one; but to be good, it must be insulated.

I believe that many of the conclusions which have been drawn here for the organization of scientific research have counterparts in other chain-reacting fields.

John R. Platt is a professor of physics at the University of Chicago.



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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXVI

HIS SPACE VEHICLE IS THE PLANET EARTH

Karl Terzaghi Has Spent His Long Lifetime Pioneering a New Physics of Soil Behavior

KARL TERZAGHI is now approaching his seventy-eighth birthday at his home in Winchester, Massachusetts. Yet his supply of energy is not exhausted. In spite of a serious operation late last fall, after which his customarily rigorous travel was restricted by his physician's orders, he is still keeping in touch with the performance of major earth dams he designed and supervised construction of. He also is completing a book on engineering geology which will be the definitive authority on that new science. He thus continues concentrating on the work to which he has devoted his entire life: closing the gap between geology and the engineering sciences.

Motivated by experience in his early professional career [as an engineer in the Alps of Europe, the Urals of Russia and the American Rockies, he repeatedly saw earth slide disastrously where railroad, canal and dam designers' data said it should stand firm, settle and cave in where the construction specifications indicated solid footing], he developed a single-minded and untiring desire to replace the unreliable empirical rules of earth work engineering by rational procedures. [At first he thought it would be enough to gather and codify all the available information on causal relationships between physical forces and geotechnical effects. But after compiling all the facts he could find in seventy years of English, French and German journals, he concluded that the physical properties of soil particles themselves were uncertain. And he decided to fill the gap]. To achieve this end he chose to live for years on the meager salary of a teacher in a small college [in Istanbul] where he was content to spend his days in a primitive laboratory, patiently asking himself questions and answerng them by experiments which he conducted late into the night [with equipment sometimes borrowed from the kitchen and sometimes taken from the dump heap].

When his findings emerged from the laboratory in 1925 they aroused widespread controversies [quite understandably, for what he enunciated was a new physics to explain the behavior of the particles of which the earth is made: never identical in physical properties in their natural state, capable of assuming different guises under differing conditions, mathematically predictable only through determination of the number of points at which each makes contact and exerts friction on another]. Thus the year 1925 is a milestone not only in the development of modern soil mechanics but in Terghazi's life, because it marks his emergence at the age of forty-two from obscurity into the focus of attention of the civil engineering profession.

Since that year he has trained a growing community of disciples [through lecture courses at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, The Technological University of Vienna, The Technische Hochschule of Berlin, The Imperial College of London, and Harvard University]. He has published a great number of professional papers and several books. By accepting only assignments that involved unusual problems, he became the leading consulting engineer in earth work and foundation engineering, in demand on several continents.

As a result of Terzaghi's pioneering work, soil mechanics is now universally recognized as an indispensable tool in all engineering operations involving earth for suport or as construction material. And Terzaghi himself has so grown in stature that today he is considered by many to be the leading civil engineer of this century.

Karl Terzaghi was born on October 2, 1883 in Prague, then the capital of the Austrian province of Bohemia, where his father, Anton Terzaghi Edler von Pontenuovo, descendant of a long line of Austrian army officers, was stationed as a commander of an infantry battalion. I have been privileged to be intimately associated with Professor Terzaghi for more than three decades. In 1926, when I began to work for him, he was of tall and slender stature, with light brown hair that still showed no signs of gray. The look of his fiercely penetrating brown eyes made many who met him for the first time quite uncomfortable. I observed soon that in his professional dealings, either with individuals or in a conference, his authority would make itself felt immediately. His decisive attitude discouraged lengthy arguments.

He never made concessions to promote his career. Indeed, a friend who knew him well in younger years once remarked that he had never met a man who made more efforts than Terzaghi to spoil his own career.

AS is often true of men of genius, Terzaghi discovered in his student years several artistic talents. As his "pattern" developed he was able to put all these talents to excellent use, but in the service of science instead of art. The urge to explore the unknown overpowered all other desires. Although he did not become a geographic explorer, as he had intended at one stage, he did become the eminently successful explorer of a large and almost unknown border area between civil engineering sciences and geology.

Successful fulfillment of his mission depended on a number of innate personal characteristics. Foremost among these is the unusual combination of an analytical mind of the type that makes a great physicist, with a gift and love for careful observation of nature that is a prerequisite for a great geologist. His capacity for recognizing quickly the essentials in a maze of observational data enables him to perform his work with exceptional efficiency. He combines the ability to push aside all demands on his time that interfere with his primary interest. Thus, visitors who have traveled far and have looked forward to spending several hours with Terzaghi, may find themselves outside of his office after a few minutes. Yet, in these few minutes he has treated them so graciously that they feel quite elated.

A remarkable memory enables him to digest and retain the significant details of the large amount of observational data that becomes available in applied soil mechanics, particularly in connection with earth-dam projects. And he has outstanding ability to communicate his thoughts clearly. His

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—*Arthur Casagrande.*

Karl Terzaghi.

writings in English are examples of clarity and simplicity.

Terzaghi writes everything in longhand and to my knowledge has never made use of dictation. He owns an old Waterman fountain pen which may well have written more words than any other pen of its kind. He usually has first thought out and organized in his mind everything so well that once he starts writing he will write steadily by the hour, with only occasional short pauses for thought, and with only a few changes and corrections. Frequently, the task of correcting a manuscript is left to his wife Ruth.

Terzaghi's even temperament is reflected in his handwriting, which has a characteristic simplicity and regularity that has not shown any noticeable changes during several decades. The distance between the widely spaced lines is remarkably constant and never influenced in the slightest by the spacing of printed lines or absence of such lines.

Terzaghi possesses an enviable facility for illustrating his memoranda, reports, and publications with his own sketches and drawings, which he prepares and letters quickly and which convey clearly even the most intricate geological relationships. Although in pencil, they are so drawn that they can be printed satisfactorily. Whoever sees some of these sketches regrets that the pressure of time has forced him to replace this habit by the faster action of a camera. But his photographs also reflect his perception of beauty and his ability to see quickly what is characteristic in a scene.

BEFORE the operation of last year slowed him down, he maintained a work schedule throughout his adult life that few men can equal. Even up to recent years, his pace in the mountains would exhaust young geologists who were assisting him in the field investigations. His travel schedule would tire much younger men. For example, his itinerary for the spring and summer preceding his seventy-fifth birthday was:

March 18 to 21	Boston to Chicago and Urbana, Illinois; lectures at the University of Illinois.
22	Urbana to Chicago and Portland, Oregon; evening with his son Eric.
23 to 27	Portland to Vancouver, B.C., and inspection of Mission Dam.
28 to 31	Inspection of Seymour and Cleveland Dams and conferences with Greater Vancouver Water Board.
April 1 to 4	Vancouver to Los Angeles and inspection of Mammoth Pool Dam.
5	From Vancouver via polar route to Copenhagen and London.
April 6 to 12	Meetings of Board of Consultants on Aswan Dam.
14	London to Athens.
April 14 to May 4	Greece; visits to Crete and Aegean Islands; lectures at the University of Athens.
4 to 11	Athens to Madrid; lectures in Madrid; travel in southern Spain.
12	Madrid to Boston.
27	Boston to Vancouver.
May 28 to June 8	Inspection of dam sites and conferences.
9	Via polar route from Vancouver to Rotterdam, Hamburg, and Berlin.
10 and 11	Honorary doctor's degree conferred on him by the Technical University in West Berlin.
12 and 13	Lecture in Hamburg on earth dams.
14 to 30	Visiting members of his family in Austria.
July 1	From Munich via Rotterdam and polar route to Vancouver.
July 2 to 5	Inspection of dam sites for Greater Vancouver Water Board.
6 to 10	Vancouver to Los Angeles; Mammoth Pool Dam.
11 to 19	Los Angeles to Vancouver; Mission Dam and Seymour Dam.
20	Vancouver to Boston.
August 26	Boston to Vancouver.
27 to Sept. 5	Mission and Seymour Dams.
Sept. 6 to 8	Vancouver to Fresno. inspection of Mammoth Pool Dam.

On September 9 he came back to Boston in good spirits and without any signs of fatigue. On September 11 he spoke at a banquet at M.I.T. During the following days he presided over a meeting of the Board of Consultants on the High Aswan Dam, and prepared himself for his October lectures in Urbana.

On October 2 he celebrated at his home his seventy-fifth birthday.

Two weeks later he was again on his way to his dam sites in British Columbia and Southern California.

Terzaghi likes to adhere to a regular daily schedule for his meals, his working hours, the time for a stiff daily walk, and occasional evenings in good company or for the theatre. Even during the rare periods of vacation, he maintains fairly regular working hours. He heartily enjoys good food but partakes of it in moderation and at such a leisurely rate that he will generally be the last one to finish, after visibly enjoying every bite. Before his evening meal he likes a whiskey sour; and at special occasions, particularly in good company, he will not keep careful track of the number, all of which merely enhances his ability to entertain his audience brilliantly. In recent years he has eased up somewhat on his heavy smoking; but formerly it was quite a painful experience for a nonsmoker to attend a meeting in his office. I learned my first lesson in December 1926, in his M.I.T. office, when I had the nerve to open his window:

TERZAGHI: What's that for?
CASAGRANDE: To let some fresh air in.
TERZAGHI: Yes, but look all the good smokes goes out!

Whereupon I closed the window and suffered silently. When the Terzaghis moved into their home in Winchester, there were a few days when nobody was happy. The ventilation system distributed the cigar smoke throughout the house, while Terzaghi could not succeed in building up the air in his study to the necessary consistency that is a prerequisite for constructive thinking. In despair, Mrs. Terzaghi cut his study off from the ventilating system, with satisfactory results for all inhabitants.

—ARTHUR CASAGRANDE.

Arthur Casagrande is Professor of Soil Mechanics and Foundation Engineering at Harvard University. The above Personality Portrait of Karl Terzaghi was adapted by SR's Science Editor from a longer biographical sketch published by Professor Casagrande in the John Wiley and Sons book: "From Theory to Practice in Soil Mechanics."

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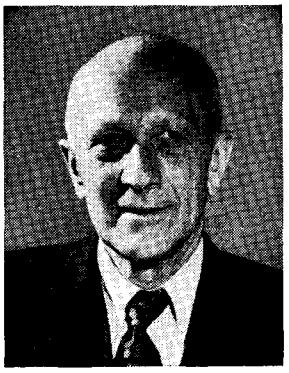
THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—Canada Wide photo.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

To a longer span of life, it sometimes seems. In terms of the human species, a lifetime is not really longer than it ever was. We have the word of Pliny the Elder, the Roman naturalist, that centenarians were not uncommon at the time he set down his observations 1900 years ago. One that he paid especial attention to was an actress who boasted that she had survived a hundred years. Dr. Wilder Penfield, the famous McGill University brain surgeon and student of the mind, recalls this in the summer 1961 issue of Perspectives in Biology and Medicine a journal published by the University of Chicago Press. He goes even further back and quotes from the Bible psalmist: "The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away." Those words

BY WILDER PENFIELD
Montreal Neurological Institute

SCIENCE has not been able to alter life's total span and I, for one, believe that this is fortunate. But now that the later years of life are crowded because of medical success, it is time to reconsider the rules and customs imposed on man by man. It is hard to say who set up the accepted rules of retirement. But certainly they were strongly influenced by the statements of William Osler.

And who was Osler? Outside the profession of medicine, most men might fail to answer the question. They were born too late to recall the angry outburst that filled the newspapers of this continent fifty-six years ago. It followed an address that Osler made: *Men Useless after Forty* —the newspaper headlines screamed—*Should be Chloroformed at Sixty*. The uproar is forgotten now. However, forgotten rumors—true and false alike—may live on, indestructible, to shape the thinking of a later day.

William Osler was born in 1849 at Bond Head, Upper Canada (later called Ontario). He was educated at Trinity College, Toronto, and McGill University in Montreal. He became, in succession, the professor of medicine in four universities—and please note the ages as I give them: McGill, twenty-five to thirty-five; the University of Pennsylvania, thirty-five to forty; Johns Hopkins, forty to fifty-six; Oxford, fifty-six to seventy. At seventy he died.

On February 22, 1905, he delivered his farewell address in Baltimore, realizing that for him to leave Johns Hopkins University was to retire. Medical courses at Oxford, which was to be his next home, were limited at that time to preclinical subjects, and he was a clinician.

He called his farewell address "The Fixed Period," taking the name from Anthony Trollope's fanciful novel about a college of men who agreed that each of them would be chloroformed at sixty.

"I have two fixed ideas," he wrote. "The first is the comparative uselessness of men above forty years of age.... My second fixed idea is the uselessness of men above sixty years of age, and the incalculable benefit it would be in commercial, political and in professional life if, as a matter of course, men stopped work at this age."

The news gatherers pounced on his words with glee. Here, they reported, was the cold and calculated opinion of a scientist. He was, they pointed out quite rightly, the most distinguished physician in the English-speaking world. The news flashed around the globe.

After the storm had broken, Osler tried to point out that a part of his talk was "pleasantry" but, alas, it was too late. In St. Louis a man of sixty killed himself, leaving an empty chloroform bottle on the bed beside him together with clippings from the Osler address. The project of building Osler Hall at the University of Maryland had to be abandoned. The outcry subsided eventually, but public opinion had been profoundly influenced.

What should our conclusion be, more than half a century later, when the percentage of the population over sixty-five has doubled? The answer, it seems to me, may be found in a reconsideration of Osler's own career, something he himself could hardly have seen in perspective. Instead of disappearing into retirement when he sailed for Oxford, content to "rest from his labours," he actually embarked on a *second career*.

The impact of this second career may be discovered in Cushing's biography of him which was published in 1925, six years after his death. Harvey Cushing was a neurosurgeon and professor of surgery at Harvard who had come under Osler's spell at an earlier period when they were both in Baltimore. The first volume of the Cushing biography deals with the man's life during his first fifty-six years; the second is concerned only with the fourteen years of life that remained to him after he went to Oxford. And yet there are 685 pages in Volume I and 686 pages in Volume II, without counting the index. If he had died when he retired from the Johns Hopkins, one-half of the things which his biographer considered to be of interest to posterity would have been lost. And it may be added that Cushing's *Life of Sir William Osler* won the Pulitzer Prize for Biography in 1926.

Scientific advances cannot be refused. You may not always like them. But it is useless to turn out the electric light or bring back the trotting horse. The scientist cannot undiscover any dangerous or troublesome fact. He can only go on seeking the truth. Meanwhile, society, for itself, must learn to control its destiny by a corresponding spiritual achievement in moral and political fields.

It is the vigorous and potentially productive portion of the aging population that I would discuss, not those who are sick or suffering from senility. For the latter, there is a newly developed branch of medicine, geriatrics. It deals with the health problems of the aged, just as pediatrics deals with the ailments of children.

But no government, however welfare-minded, should hope to solve an unemployment problem by building rest homes or granting pensions to able-bodied men who are not ready for rest and who do not want to rust out the remainder of their lives.

The theory that the man or woman of sixty has nothing more to contribute to society during the ten or twenty years of active life that remain to him or her is wrong. The belief that men in later years cannot learn new skills and educated men new professions is false. Most men who retire could continue on in constructive work if they saw that

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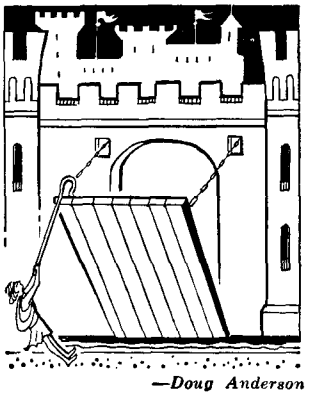
are 3,000 years old, Dr. Penfield points out, yet the shepherd who wrote them "in his pastoral surroundings . . . expected to survive as long as we do today—seventy years, or by reason of strength eight years, or even by chance 100 years. His expectation was fulfilled, too; for he was thirty years a shepherd and soldier, and forty years the ruler of Israel." At the end of seventy years, King David died.

What is remarkable about the present generation is that so many more of its members share King David's span of years. They share the years without sharing David's good fortune. Few of them enjoy the opportunity he enjoyed to fulfill two careers. And, Dr. Penfield argues, this is a waste of human resources.

"It is clear that every year from birth to death has its purpose and should have its use," he wrote in the Perspectives essay which is reproduced in part below. As a brain specialist he knows that an old dog is quite capable of new tricks.



—Doug Anderson

they were needed. But many of them face a paralyzing psychological misconception.

Let me describe to you the evolution of a little-recognized disease. It is a psychological malady which we might name *pseudo-senility* or *false senility*.

A worthy citizen employed in business, for example, or in industry, education, or government, reaches his time of statutory retirement. Some colleague who happens to have a larger bank account of unspent years comes to him and gives him a gold watch and tells him to take a well-earned rest. That man, who was busy and capable of contributing something that was of value yesterday, stays home. He mows the lawn, perhaps, and carries out the garbage for his wife while he thinks about his future.

He notices that his recent memory is not so good as it was when he was younger, although distant memory is good enough. He doesn't know that this is caused by the fact that the hippocampal gyrus, in the temporal lobe of each side of the brain, often suffers some interference in its circulation, while the rest of the brain is as good as ever for many years to come.

Perhaps then some friend who is well meaning but devoid of a sense of humor—most people have at least one such friend—comes to comfort him. "Enjoy yourself," he says, "that is all that remains for you to do. Just have a good time." Then, in a little while people begin to say—behind his back, of course—"He is going to pieces, poor fellow."

And so he is, fast. He thinks he is good for nothing, not realizing that the people who *are* good for nothing don't think so. He begins to disintegrate. The only thing that could be guaranteed to make him disintegrate faster would be an increased intake of alcohol. That man is suffering from a delusion of incompetence, not from incompetence itself: a retirement neurosis, *pseudo-senility*.

THE whole trouble was that what he needed when he was given the gold watch was a new job, a difficult job—not a rest. Beyond the normal rhythm of work and sleep, rest was not what he needed. Rest, with nothing else, results in rust. It corrodes the mechanisms of the brain.

Now it is a curious fact that women rarely suffer from the neurosis of *false senility*. Perhaps it is because they are less easily deluded! But I suspect that it is because most women have a second career that no one needs to plan. When they have raised a family, or finished a profession, or when they have finished with both, they turn to full-time housekeeping. And no prudent man would dare to say that this is not essential and important.

The time of retirement should be reorganized and renamed. It is the time for embarking on a new career—the last career, perhaps, but not necessarily a less enjoyable one; not, perhaps, a less useful one to society. Disease and disability may overtake men at any age, of course, and force them to withdraw from work. But the capacity of the human brain for certain purposes often increases right through the years that are marked for standard retirement.

No one can deny that the human brain passes through certain inexorable changes. Senescence will come in time, inevitably. The brain has a specialized capacity for the beginning of languages during the first decade of life. After that time it is ready for expansion of vocabulary. It is ready for mathematics, rationalization, independent thought. At sixty the body has certainly passed beyond its greatest strength, and physical demands should be lessened and changed. But the brain quite often is ready for its best performance in certain fields.

NEW jobs call for the use of previously unused nerve cell connections in the brain. This is perfectly possible in the sixties.

Consider what men have done in the field of leadership after sixty. Take Clemenceau, Adenauer, and Voltaire in their eighties; Verdi composing his greatest operas between seventy-four and eighty; Michelangelo painting the "Last Judgment" at sixty.

A genius is not a man who was made in some other image. He is just a man driven to constructive action by a great enthusiasm. Enthusiasm feeds on challenge. The ordinary brain is good enough for most men and most purposes. Its best tonic is use, the worst treatment is discouragement and disuse.

I do not urge that the time for a man to retire from his primary career should be postponed—not at all. A second career can quite well begin by the age of sixty. It should start then at latest, even if formal retirement takes place at sixty-five or later. Ideally, the preparation for a second career should be undertaken long before that, preferably in the forties. Better yet if it comes with him from his school days.

Not everyone will be ready to decide for himself what his second career might be. Corporations and colleges and governments may have to put the man who is approaching the statutory age limit through a set of psychological tests. This will call for new techniques of testing.

The problem to be set before the wise men of today is simply this: How can each individual be given the chance to labor as long as he has the will and the health to do it? Sometimes "the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong." It may be that the last work of the old man's hands will serve society best—and him as well.

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Glorious and Terrible

Continued from page 11

> passed from which only low, deep moans could be heard. No help could be rendered to any of the sufferers. No heed could be given to any of their appeals. Mercy and duty to the many forbade the loss of a moment in the vain effort then and there to comply with the prayers of the few. On! On! We must move on. The storm continued and the darkness was appalling. There was no time even to fill a canteen with water for a dying man; for, except the drivers and the guards, all were wounded and utterly helpless in that vast procession of misery. During this one night I realized more of the horrors of war than I had in all the preceeding two years.

After such a description, we can understand why a radical Northern Senator, looking across the battlefield of the Wilderness as fighting ended, told Hugh McCulloch that if in 1861 he had been given one glimpse of the agonies he there beheld, he would have said to the South: "Erring sisters, go in peace." John Esten Cooke was right in his elegy for Pelham; the living were brave and noble, but the dead were the bravest of all.

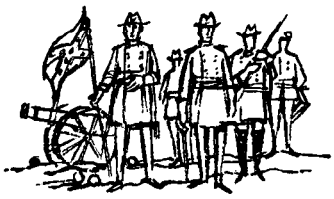
YET *this* was far from being the ugliest side of war. Nor was the suffering in the huge prison camps, South and North, part of the worst side of war; the suffering which MacKinlay Kantor describes in his novel and to which Benét briefly adverts in "John Brown's Body":

> The triple stockade of Andersonville the damned,
> Where men corrupted like flies in their own dung
> And the gangrened sick were black with smoke and their filth.

What maims the bodies of men is less significant than what maims their spirit.

One ugly aspect of the Civil War too generally ignored is the devastation, more and more systematic, that accompanied it. For three reasons too little has been said of this devastation; the facts were kept out of official reports, the tale is too painful, and the recital easily becomes monotonous. Yet by 1862 the war in the South had become one of general depredation; by 1863, of wanton destruction; and by 1864, of an organized devastation which in terms of property anticipated the worst chapters of the two world wars. Georgia and the Shenandoah suffered in 1864 almost precisely as Belgium and Serbia suffered in 1914–the executions omitted. It was barbaric, and the only excuse to be made is that war is barbarism.

The turning point in the attitude of Northern military men was reached when General John Pope on July 18, 1862, issued from Washington headquarters a set of Draconian general orders. Order No. 5 directed that the army should subsist as far as practicable upon the country, giving vouchers for supplies seized. Order No. 7 decreed the summary execution of persons caught firing upon Union troops from houses. Order No. 11 (five days later) required officers to arrest immediately all disloyal males within reach,



to make them take the oath of allegiance or go South, and to shoot all who violated their oath or who returned from the Confederacy. The order for living on the country, widely publicized East and West, changed the attitude of troops, and inspired private looting as well as public seizures of property. Pope was soon ousted, but the moral effect of his orders persisted.

Though most of the facts were excluded from official reports, their sum total, insofar as one shrewd observer could arrive at it, may be found in John T. Trowbridge's graphic volume written in 1866, "A Picture of the Desolated States." In his preface Trowbridge speaks of the Union forces not as our heroic armies but our destroying armies. Even this practiced reporter is less graphic, however, than the people who suffered under the onslaught and wrote while their emotions, like their property, still burned. Hear a lady of Lousiana tell what occurred when N. P. Banks's army passed:

> I was watching from my window the apparently orderly march of the first Yankees that appeared in view and passed up the road, when, suddenly, as if by magic, the whole plantation was covered with men, like bees from an overthrown hive; and, as far as my vision extended, an inextricable medley of men and animals met my eye. In one place, excited troopers were firing into the flock of sheep; in another, officers and men were in pursuit of the boys' ponies, and in another, a crowd were in excited chase of the work animals. The kitchen was soon filled with some, carrying off the cooking utensils and the provisions of the day; the yard with others, pursuing the poultry. . . . They penetrated under the house, into the outbuildings, and into the garden, stripping it in a moment of all its vegetables. . . . This continued during the day . . . and amid a bewildering sound of oaths and imprecations. . . . When the army had passed, we were left destitute.

Sherman believed in total war; that is, in waging war not only against the Southern armies, but the Southern people. His theory was that every man, woman, and child was "armed and at war." He wrote his wife in the summer of 1862 that the North might fall into bankruptcy, "but if they can hold on the war will soon assume a turn to extermination, not of soldiers alone, that is the least part of the trouble, but the people." He denied, in effect, that Southerners had a right to resist invasion. When Union steamers were fired on near Randolph, Mississippi, in the fall of 1862, he destroyed Randolph, and a little later had all houses, farms, and cornfields devastated for fifteen miles along the banks.

WHEN he drove his red plowshare across Georgia and the Carolinas, his object was to leave only scorched earth behind. He had already written of his Western operations: "Not a man is to be seen; nothing but women with houses plundered, fields open to the cattle and horses, pickets lounging on every porch, and desolation sown broadcast; servants all gone, and women and children bred in luxury . . . begging . . . for soldiers' rations." His aim was that which Phil Sheridan avowed: to leave them nothing but their eyes to weep with.

The final devastation of half the South was horrible to behold, and it was distressing to think that these savage losses had been inflicted by Americans upon fellow Americans. Yet this was far from being the worst aspect of the conflict, or the least easily reparable. Damages on which we can fix the dollar sign are important not in themselves, but as they become translated into cultural and spiritual losses; into the intellectual retardation caused by poverty, for example. The physical recovery of the South was rapid. As it was primarily an agricultural section, a few good crops at fair prices did much to restore it; and the swiftness with which housing, railroads, bridges, and public facilities were rebuilt astonished observers of the 1870s just as the swift postwar recovery of Germany and Poland has astonished observers of our day.

Infinitely worse were the biological losses–the racial hurts–inflicted by the Civil War. The killing of between

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600,000 and 700,000 young men in a nation of 33,000,000 and the maiming or permanent debilitation of as many more had evil consequences projected into the far-distant future. We lost not only these men, but their children, and their children's children. Here, indeed, was a loss that proved highly cumulative. During the First World War, Lord Dunsany wrote a slender volume called "Tales of War." One of his apologues showed the Kaiser, as the embodiment of German militarism, commanded by a spirit to come on a tour. They crossed the German plain to a neat garden. Look, said the spirit:

> The Kaiser looked; and saw a window shining and a neat room in a cottage; there was nothing dreadful there, thank the good German God for that; it was all right, after all. The Kaiser had had a fright, but it was all right; there was only a woman with a baby sitting before a fire, and two small children and a man. And it was quite a jolly room. And the man was a young soldier; and, why, he was a Prussian Guardsman—there was a helmet hanging on the wall—so everything was all right. They were jolly German children; that was well. How nice and homely the room was. . . . The firelight flickered, and the lamp shone on, and the children played on the floor, and the man was smoking out of a china pipe; he was strong and able and young, one of the wealth-winners of Germany.
>
> "Have you seen?" asked the phantom.
>
> "Yes," said the Kaiser. . . .
>
> At once the fire went out and the lamp faded away, the room fell sombrely into neglect and squalor, and the soldier and the children faded away with the room; all disappeared phantasmally, and nothing remained but the helmet in a kind of glow on the wall, and the woman sitting all by herself in the darkness.
>
> "It has all gone," said the Kaiser.
>
> "It has never been," said the phantom.
>
> The Kaiser looked again. Yes, there was nothing there, it was just a vision. . . .
>
> "It might have been," said the phantom.

Just so, we can say that the multitude of Civil War dead represent hundreds of thousands of homes, and hundreds of thousands of families, that might have been, and never were. They represent millions of people who might have been part of our population today and are not. We have lost the books they might have written, the scientific discoveries they might have made, the inventions they might have perfected. Such a loss defies measurement.

The only noteworthy attempt to measure the biological losses was made by David Starr Jordan and his son Harvey in a volume called "War's Aftermath" (1914). The authors circulated carefully drawn questionnaires in Spottsylvania and Rockbridge Counties in Virginia, and in Cobb County in Georgia, inquiring particularly into the eugenic effects of the conflict. One of their queries brought out evidence that by no means all casualties were among the men; numerous girls and women succumbed to the hardships and anxieties of the conflict in the South. Another question elicited unanimous agreement that "the flower of the people" went into the war at the beginning, and of these a large part died before the end. President Jordan, weighing all the responses, reached two conclusions: first, that the evidence "leaves a decided evidence in favor of grave racial hurt," and second, that "the war has seriously impoverished this country of its best human values."

Even the terrible loss of young, productive lives, the grave biological injury to the nation, however, did not constitute the worst side of the war. One aspect of the conflict was still more serious. It was the aspect to which Lowell referred in lines written a few years after Appomattox:

> I looked to see an ampler atmosphere
> By that electric passion-gust blown clear
> I looked for this; consider what I hear. . . .
>
> Murmur of many voices in the air
> Denounces us degenerate,
> Unfaithful guardians of a noble fate. . . .

The war, as Walt Whitman truly said, had grown out of defects in the American character; of American faults it cured few, accentuated a number, and gave some a violently dangerous

trend. Far behind the lines, it added to the already discreditable total of violence in American life. Applying to industry a great forcing-draft, the bellows of huge wartime appropriations, it strengthened the materialistic forces in our civilization. Its state and federal contracts, its bounty system, its innumerable opportunities for battening on the nation's woes, made speculation fashionable, and corruption almost too common for comment. Its inflation bred extravagance and dissipation.

EVERY month heightened the intolerance of war; it began with mobs in New York threatening newspaper offices, a mob in Philadelphia trying to lynch Senator James A. Bayard, and mobs in the South flogging and exiling Union men; as it went on, freedom of speech almost disappeared over broad areas. The atmosphere of war fostered immorality; Richmond and Washington alike became filled with saloons, brothels, and gambling dens, and such occupied cities as Memphis and Nashville were sinks of iniquity. For every knightly martyr like James Wadsworth or Albert Sidney Johnston there arose two such coarse, aggressive, selfish careerists as Ben Butler and Dan Sickles. Wadsworth and Johnston died in battle, but Butler and Sickles remained to follow postwar political careers. Seen in perspective, the war was a gigantic engine for coarsening and lowering the American character even while it quickened certain of our energies.

Parson Brownlow, a Tennessee Unionist, went from city to city in the North in 1862 demanding "grape for the Rebel masses, and hemp for their leaders"; saying that he himself would tie the rope about the necks of some rebel generals; calling for the confiscation of all Southern property; proclaiming that he would be glad to arm every wolf, bear, catamount, and crocodile, every devil in hell, to defeat the South; and declaring he would put down the rebellion "if it exterminates from God's green earth every man, woman, and child south of Mason and Dixon's Line."

In the South two famous leaders, Robert Toombs and Howell Cobb, united that year in an address to their people just as vitriolic. "The foot of the oppressor is on the soil of Georgia," it began. "He comes with lust in his eye, poverty in his purse, and hell in his heart. How shall you meet him? . . . With death for him or for yourself!" Better the charnel house for every Southerner, they continued, than "loathsome vasslage to a nation already sunk below the contempt of the civilized world." Thaddeus Stevens nursed his hatred until he spoke of "extermi-

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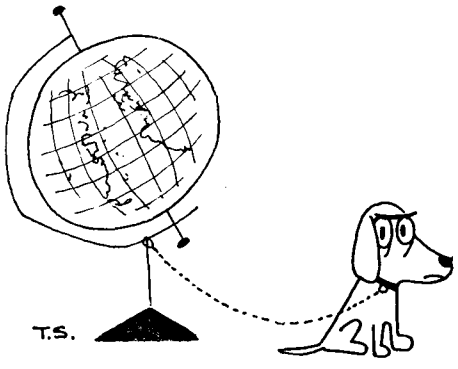
nating" or driving into exile *all* Southerners, just as Sherman declared he would "slay millions" to assure the safety of the Mississippi. Women of the South meanwhile expressed the most vindictive detestation of all Yankees. "I hate them," wrote one Mississippi woman after a raid on her community, "more now than I did the evening I saw them sneaking off with all we cared for, and so it will be every day I live."

Hatred was seen in its most naked form in those communities divided against themselves and racked by guerrilla war; in Missouri, Arkansas, parts of Kentucky, and East Tennessee. Writes Charles D. Drake, a distinguished Missouri leader, of his state: "Falsehood, treachery, and perjury pervaded the whole social fabric." He went on: "Could there be written a full account of all the crimes of the rebels of Missouri, and the outrages and wrongs inflicted by them upon her loyal inhabitants, during the four years of the rebellion, the world would shrink aghast from a picture which has no parallel in the previous history of any portion of the Anglo-Saxon race." Confederate sympathizers in Missouri would have said the same of Union irregulars. One atrocity provoked another. These hatreds long survived the conflict, and indeed in some spots the embers still smoulder. Typifying the whole range of spiritual injuries wrought by the war, they justify the poet Blake's cry:

> The soldier, armed with sword and gun,
> Palsied strikes the summer sun.

The historian Mendelssohn Bartholdy, in his volume entitled "War and German Society," written as part of the Carnegie Endowment's huge economic history of World War I, concluded that the moral effects of war are much worse than the material effects. He also concluded that they are radically bad, for they strike at the very heart of a country's character; "modern war, with its robot-like disregard of individual values, is bound to make the peculiar virtue of a nation an object of attack."



As respects the Civil War, we can agree. If it was necessary for preserving the Union and extinguishing slavery, it was of course worth more than it cost; but should it have been necessary? Could not better leadership from 1830 to 1860 have averted it? This is a bootless question. But it is certain that the conflict, so much the greatest convulsion in our history, so tremendous in its impact on our national life, so fascinating in its drama, was in spite of all compensating elements, all the heroism, all the high example we find in Lee's character and Lincoln's wisdom, materially a disaster and morally a tragedy.

It is unfortunate that of the flood of books on the war ninety-nine in a hundred are on military topics and leaders, and that a great majority fasten attention on the floating banners, the high-ringing cheers, the humors of the camp, the ardors of the charge; the whole undeniable fascination and romance of the first true *volkskrieg* in history. It is right, within measure, to let them lift our hearts. But the long commemoration will pass essentially unimproved if it does not give us a deeper, sterner, more scientific study of the collision of two creeds and two ways of life as related to an examination of war in general.

We should probe more deeply into its roots, a process that will expose some of the weaknesses of our social fabric and governmental system. We should pay fuller attention to its darker aspects, and examine more honestly such misrepresentations as the statement it was distinguished by its generosity of spirit, the magnanimity with which the combatants treated each other; a statement absurd on its face, for no war which lasts four years and costs 600,000 lives leaves much magnanimity in its later phases. We should above all examine more closely the effects of the great and terrible war not on the nation's politics—we know that; not on its economy—we also know that; but on its character, the vital element of national life.

This examination will lead into unpleasant paths, and bring us to unhappy conclusions; but it will profit us far more than stirring battle canvases. All nations must be schooled in such studies if the world is ever to find an answer to a question uttered just after World War I by William E. Borah, a question that still rings in men's ears: "When shall we escape from war? When shall we loosen the grip of the monster?"

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 2, 8, 6, 9, 10, 5, 3, 1, 4, 7.

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(Continued from page 49)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1432

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Having the rank, pungent, offensive odor and taste which organic substances acquire in warm, moist weather.

B. With heed to the comfort of others.

C. Former name of the peninsula, now an island, important commune near Syracuse in Sicily, of rich history.

D. Extraordinary native African Negro poetess, enslaved, freed in Boston on marriage (1753-84).

E. One of Draco's murder court of 51 in ancient Athens.

F. Followed by Word G, a slip of the tongue.

G. See Word F.

H. Bible city named for its "roominess" (Genesis xxvi, 22).

I. Describing one who has won high prestige, esp. through splendid attainments.

J. Site of well-known artists' colony near Philadelphia (2 wds.).

K. Llewellyn's noble dog in Welsh legend; 18th-cent. German poet.

WORDS

20 106 86 174 144

178 42 131 96 67 71 171 116 80 34 32

78 138 33 103 177 170 12 46

158 90 169 143 59 146 123 36

186 9 134 68 102 149

30 35 81 128 55 14

140 180 167 99 28 63 13

104 111 23 66 54 154 82 161

19 126 176 155 8 121 41 112 84 94 118

181 75 124 122 147 141 65

182 44 95 22 10 156 27

DEFINITIONS

L. A covering, esp. a removable one.

M. Uselessness.

N. Regulations of a public or private corporation, etc., for conducting its business, government, etc.

O. Return of damaged goods for refund.

P. See Word Q.

Q. Followed by Word P, useful and precious addition to many a human mouth.

R. Followed by Word Q, one of the things "Greensleeves" was to me, in the Elizabethan popular song (2 wds.).

S. Roofing material, esp. in primitive settlements.

T. Just a faint sweet odor (3 wds.).

U. When it is the TV hour on the hour (3 wds.).

V. Ten years' conflict great in Greek legend (2 wds.). wds.).

W. To bubble and hiss; to be boisterous.

X. Act of withdrawing a declaration, promise, etc.

WORDS

15 1 40 113 114 24 164

175 51 101 115 142 119 109 4

184 136 52 29 76 157

47 172 127 43 91 25 83 188 159 57 18

26 85 139 130 45

107 151 31 50

100 60 37 3 179 69 150

133 110 162 56 165 72

7 153 98 16 74 183 70 62 79 132 120 53

145 87 89 108 2 129 166 163 73

39 97 105 185 17 173 137 49 64

135 5 38 77 61 168 117 92 11 48

93 6 160 152 21 187 58 125 88 148

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 L	2 U	3 R	4 M		5 W	6 X	7 T		8 I	9 E	10 K	11 W	12 C	13 G
14 F		15 L	16 T		17 V	18 O	19 I	20 A	21 X	22 K		23 H	24 L	25 O	26 P	27 K	28 G
29 N	30 F	31 Q	32 B		33 C	34 B	35 F	36 D		37 R	38 W	39 V	40 L	41 I		42 B	43 O
44 K	45 P		46 C	47 O	48 W		49 V	50 Q	51 M	52 N	53 T		54 H	55 F	56 S		57 O
58 X	59 D	60 R	61 W	62 T		63 G	64 V	65 J		66 H	67 B	68 E		69 R	70 T		71 B
72 S	73 U		74 T	75 J	76 N		77 W	78 C	79 T	80 B	81 F	82 H	83 O	84 I	85 P	86 A	
87 U	88 X		89 U	90 D	91 O	92 W		93 X	94 I	95 K	96 B		97 V	98 T	99 G	100 R	101 M
	102 E	103 C	104 H	105 V	106 A	107 Q	108 U		109 M	110 S	111 H	112 I	113 L		114 L	115 M	116 B
117 W	118 I		119 M	120 T		121 I	122 J	123 D		124 J	125 X	126 I	127 O		128 F	129 U	130 P
131 B	132 T		133 S	134 E	135 W	136 N		137 V	138 C	139 P	140 G		141 J	142 M	143 D	144 A	
145 U	146 D	147 J	148 X	149 E		150 R	151 Q	152 X		153 T	154 H	155 I	156 K	157 N		158 D	159 O
160 X	161 H		162 S	163 U	164 L		165 S	166 U	167 G	168 W	169 D	170 C	171 B	172 O	173 V	174 A	
175 M	176 I	177 C	178 B	179 R	180 G	181 J	182 K		183 T	184 N	185 V	186 E	187 X	188 O			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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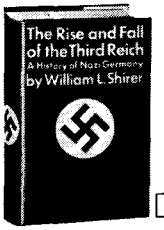

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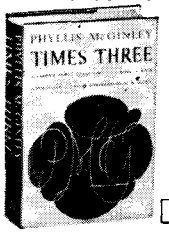

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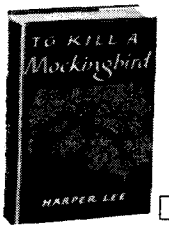

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